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SUPERMAN NATIONAL COMICS
DC
52 BIG PAGES
APR. NO.4
10¢
BIG TOWN
HAS STEVE WILSON, THE FIGHTING NEWSMAN UNCOVERED THE ANSWER TO A FLAMING RIDDLE--ONLY TO SEAL HIS OWN DOOM?

IS BIG TIME ON TELEVISION!

See

STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING NEWSPAPERMAN, AND HIS BEAUTIFUL ASSISTANT, LORELEI KILBOURNE, IN FAST-ACTION, HARD-HITTING ADVENTURES THAT MAKE YOUR TV SCREEN THRILL WITH EXCITEMENT!

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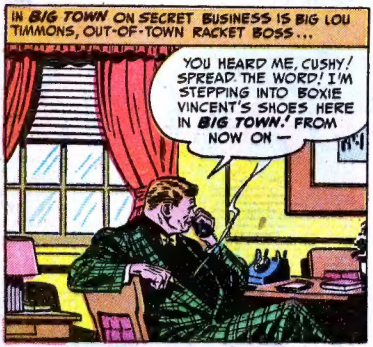
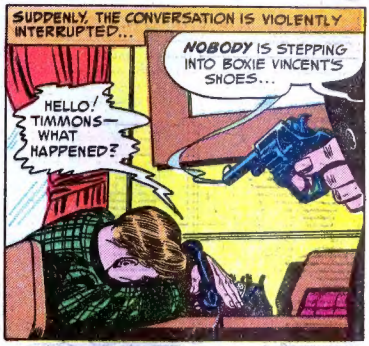
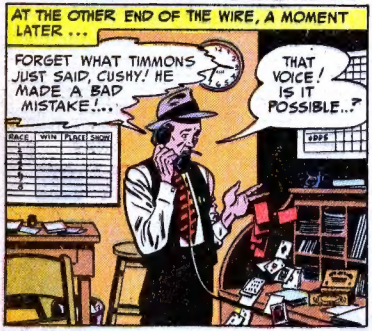
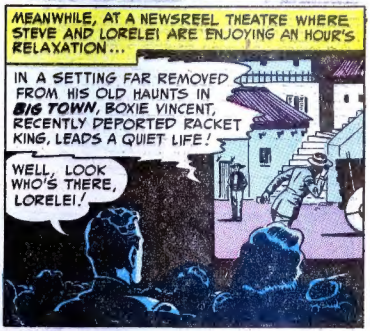
BIG TOWN
THERE ARE ENOUGH WEAPONS IN THIS WAR EXHIBIT TO MOW DOWN A REGIMENT! THE ONLY QUESTION IS— WHICH ONE OF US WILL GIVE AWAY HIS POSITION FIRST... THAT KILLER OR ME!
CAL. 30
IT ISN'T UNUSUAL FOR STEVE WILSON — THE JUSTICE-LOVING, CRIME-HATING NEWSMAN OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS — TO FIGHT CRIMINALS HAND-TO-HAND... OR ARMED ONLY WITH PRINTER'S INK! BUT WHAT IS UNUSUAL IS A SITUATION WHERE STEVE FINDS HIMSELF HUNTED — BY THE SAME MENACING FIGURE HE IS HUNTING! IN...
"STEVE WILSON'S MANHUNT!"

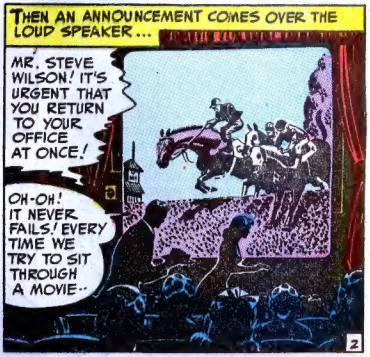

IN BIG TOWN ON SECRET BUSINESS IS BIG LOU TIMMONS, OUT-OF-TOWN RACKET BOSS...
YOU HEARD ME, CUSHY! SPREAD THE WORD! I'M STEPPING INTO BOXIE VINCENT'S SHOES HERE IN BIG TOWN! FROM NOW ON —

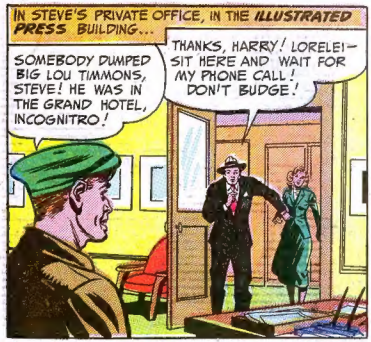

SUDDENLY, THE CONVERSATION IS VIOLENTLY INTERRUPTED...
NOBODY IS STEPPING INTO BOXIE VINCENT'S SHOES...
HELLO! TIMMONS— WHAT HAPPENED?

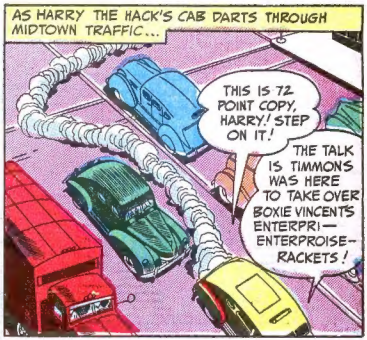

AT THE OTHER END OF THE WIRE, A MOMENT LATER...
FORGET WHAT TIMMONS JUST SAID, CUSHY! HE MADE A BAD MISTAKE!...
THAT VOICE! IS IT POSSIBLE..?
RACE
WIN
PLACE
SHOW


MEANWHILE, AT A NEWSREEL THEATRE WHERE STEVE AND LORELEI ARE ENJOYING AN HOUR'S RELAXATION...
IN A SETTING FAR REMOVED FROM HIS OLD HAUNTS IN BIG TOWN, BOXIE VINCENT, RECENTLY DEPORTED RACKET KING, LEADS A QUIET LIFE!
WELL, LOOK WHO'S THERE, LORELEI!

DID BOXIE EVER FIND OUT IT WAS YOU WHO CAUSED HIS DEPORTATION, STEVE?
I DOUBT IT! IT WAS THE F.B.I.'S IDEA TO KEEP MY ROLE IN THE AFFAIR A SECRET— FOR MY OWN GOOD!
EXIT


THEN AN ANNOUNCEMENT COMES OVER THE LOUD SPEAKER...
MR. STEVE WILSON! IT'S URGENT THAT YOU RETURN TO YOUR OFFICE AT ONCE!
OH-OH! IT NEVER FAILS! EVERY TIME WE TRY TO SIT THROUGH A MOVIE..

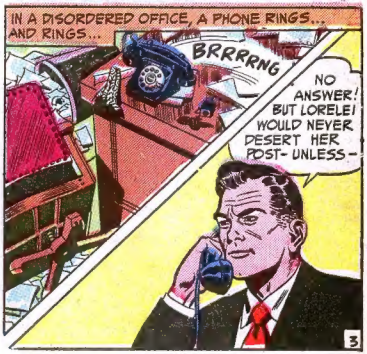

IN STEVE'S PRIVATE OFFICE, IN THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING...
SOMEBODY DUMPED BIG LOU TIMMONS, STEVE! HE WAS IN THE GRAND HOTEL, INCOGNITRO!
THANKS, HARRY! LORELEI—SIT HERE AND WAIT FOR MY PHONE CALL! DON'T BUDGE!


AS HARRY THE HACK'S CAB DARTS THROUGH MIDTOWN TRAFFIC...
THIS IS 72 POINT COPY, HARRY! STEP ON IT!
THE TALK IS TIMMONS WAS HERE TO TAKE OVER BOXIE VINCENT'S ENTERPRI—ENTERPROISE—RACKETS!

SOON AFTER...AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN BRIEFS STEVE...
A HALF DOZEN PEOPLE MUST HAVE SEEN THE KILLER, STEVE! HE HAD TO COME UP IN THE ELEVATOR—BUT TAKE A LOOK AT THE OPERATOR.
SCARED STIFF!

N-NO! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING—HONEST!
I KNOW ONLY ONE MAN WHO COULD TERRIFY PEOPLE THAT WAY—BOXIE VINCENT!

YES! BUT BOXIE IS IN COLD STORAGE—5000 MILES AWAY!
I'VE GOT TO CALL IN THIS STORY, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN! IT WON'T KEEP—

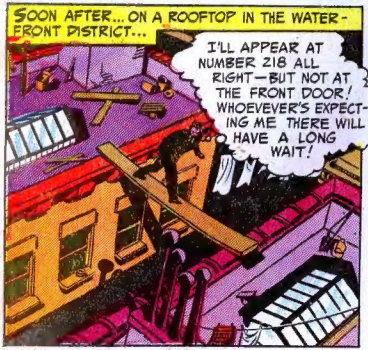

IN A DISORDERED OFFICE, A PHONE RINGS... AND RINGS...
BRRRRNG
NO ANSWER! BUT LORELEI WOULD NEVER DESERT HER POST—UNLESS—

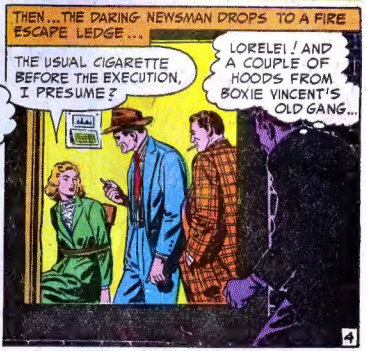
MINUTES LATER...BACK AT THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS...
GOSH, STEVE! Y'KNOW WE CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING FROM YOUR OFFICE WITH THESE PRESSES GOING!
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO LORELEI!
STEVE WILSON

GONE! THAT DOOR, HARRY! MY PRIVATE ENTRANCE...
THERE'S BEEN A SCRAP HERE! LOOK AT THE JOINT!

ON STEVE'S DESK A CHILLING NOTE IS FOUND...
SOMEONE'S GRABBED LORELEI!
WILSON- DON'T RING IN THE COPS, OR YOU'LL BE WRITING AN OBIT FOR A DEAR FRIEND! COME TO 218 HARBOR STREET- ALONE!

YOU GIVE THE TIMMONS STORY TO REWRITE, HARRY! I'LL BE PRETTY BUSY FOR THE NEXT HOUR OR SO!
RAJAH, BOSS!

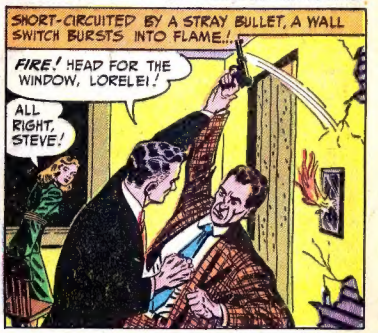

SOON AFTER... ON A ROOFTOP IN THE WATER-FRONT DISTRICT...
I'LL APPEAR AT NUMBER 218 ALL RIGHT—BUT NOT AT THE FRONT DOOR! WHOEVEVER'S EXPECTING ME THERE WILL HAVE A LONG WAIT!

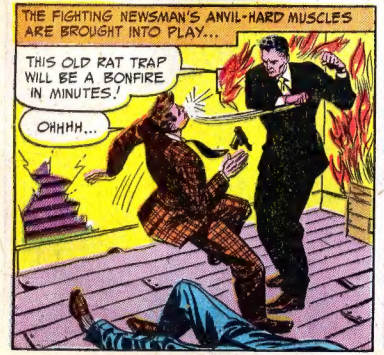

THEN...THE DARING NEWSMAN DROPS TO A FIRE ESCAPE LEDGE...
THE USUAL CIGARETTE BEFORE THE EXECUTION, I PRESUME?
LORELEI! AND A COUPLE OF HOODS FROM BOXIE VINCENT'S OLD GANG...

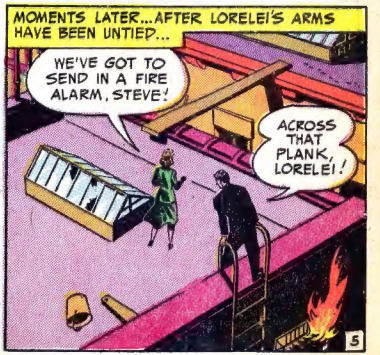
WE JUST WANT WILSON TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS, SEE?
OKAY! START ASKING-

BUT I'LL SUPPLY THE ANSWERS WITH MY FISTS!
WILSON!?

WHILE STEVE LASHES OUT AT ONE OF THE THUGS, THE OTHER STARTS THROWING LEAD...
I'LL ONLY WING HIM! THE BOSS WANTS HIM ALIVE...

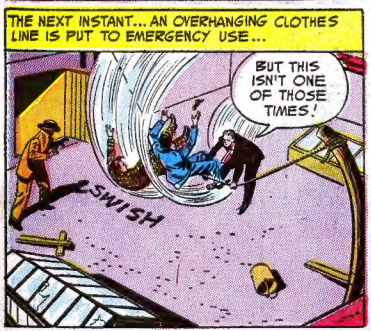

SHORT-CIRCUITED BY A STRAY BULLET, A WALL SWITCH BURSTS INTO FLAME!
FIRE! HEAD FOR THE WINDOW, LORELEI!
ALL RIGHT, STEVE!

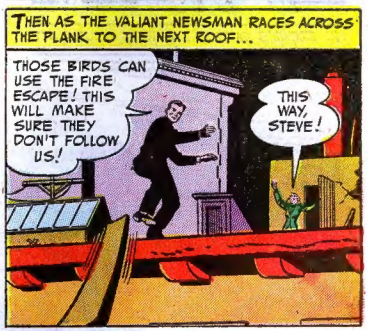

THE FIGHTING NEWSMAN'S ANVIL-HARD MUSCLES ARE BROUGHT INTO PLAY...
THIS OLD RAT TRAP WILL BE A BONFIRE IN MINUTES!
OHHHH...


MOMENTS LATER...AFTER LORELEI'S ARMS HAVE BEEN UNTIED...
WE'VE GOT TO SEND IN A FIRE ALARM, STEVE!
ACROSS THAT PLANK, LORELEI!

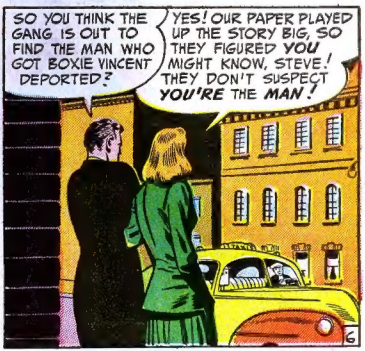
BEFORE STEVE CAN FOLLOW HIS ASSISTANT, A ROOF DOOR SWINGS WIDE...
GRAB HIM!
KEEP GOING, LORELEI!
THAT HOOD IN THE BLACK HAT MUST BE THE "BOSS" THEY TALKED ABOUT!

SEEMINGLY TRAPPED, THE GUNMEN'S PREY RAISES HIS HANDS...
YUH KNOW WHEN TO GIVE UP, DON'TCHA, WILSON?
SURE! I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED—


THE NEXT INSTANT... AN OVERHANGING CLOTHES LINE IS PUT TO EMERGENCY USE...
BUT THIS ISN'T ONE OF THOSE TIMES!
SWISH


THEN AS THE VALIANT NEWSMAN RACES ACROSS THE PLANK TO THE NEXT ROOF...
THOSE BIRDS CAN USE THE FIRE ESCAPE! THIS WILL MAKE SURE THEY DON'T FOLLOW US!
THIS WAY, STEVE!

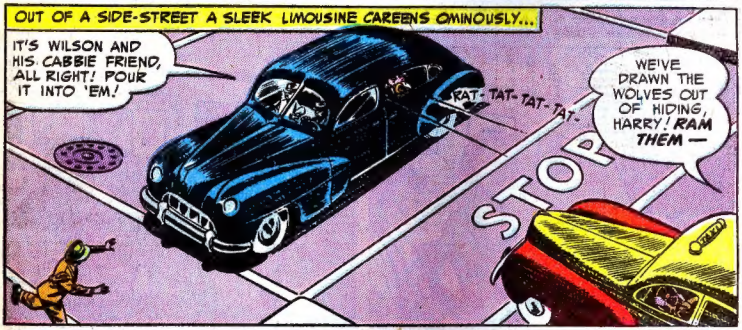
SOON AFTER... WITH POLICE AND FIREMEN FILLING HARBOR STREET...
THOSE HOODLUMS SLIPPED AWAY—
AT LEAST THE FIRE'S UNDER CONTROL, AND NO ONE'S HURT! LET'S GO, LORELEI!

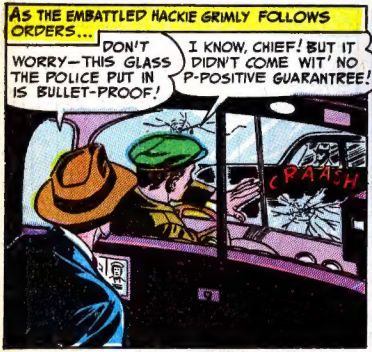

SO YOU THINK THE GANG IS OUT TO FIND THE MAN WHO GOT BOXIE VINCENT DEPORTED?
YES! OUR PAPER PLAYED UP THE STORY BIG, SO THEY FIGURED YOU MIGHT KNOW, STEVE! THEY DON'T SUSPECT YOU'RE THE MAN!

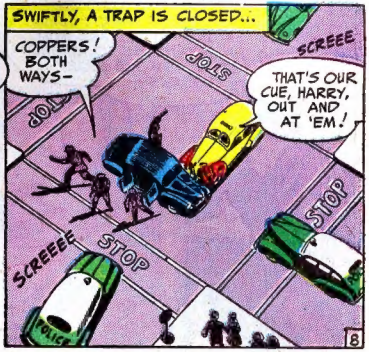
ON THE WAY BACK TO THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS...
IT MEANS BLACK HAT—WHOEVER HE IS—IS REALLY AFTER YOU!
WELL, THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH! BECAUSE I'VE GOT A HUNCH MR. BLACK HAT IS THE MYSTERIOUS TIMMONS KILLER—AND I'M AFTER HIM!
A VICIOUS MURDERER IS LOOSE IN BIG TOWN, LORELEI! IT'S MY DUTY TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE ANY WAY I CAN! AND THERE IS A WAY...
STEP ON IT, DRIVER!
IN STEVE'S OFFICE... A HALF HOUR LATER...
STOP THE PRESSES, ED! SHOVE THIS ON PAGE ONE!
FULL STORY OF VINCENT AFFAIR!
STEVE WILSON REVEALED AS MAN WHO FORCED VINCENT TO F.B.I. AS ILLEGAL ALIEN.
THE F.B.I. OKAYED THE RELEASE, LORELEI—UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES!
BUT, STEVE—YOU'RE PUBLISHING YOUR DEATH WARRANT!
YEAH—IT'S SUICIDE! YOU BETTER GO INTO HIDIN'!
NO THANKS, HARRY! COME ALONG—THERE ARE STILL A FEW THINGS TO ATTEND TO BEFORE THE STORY BREAKS—
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
IF YOU'RE WILLING TO RISK IT, WE'LL BACK YOU UP, STEVE—ALL THE WAY!
FINE, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN! LET'S GET TO WORK ON HARRY'S CAB!

THAT NIGHT... A STRANGE VIGIL IS IN PROGRESS...
STEVE WILSON PUT "FIX" ON BOXIE VINCENT! READ ALL ABOUT IT!
KEEP DRIVING, HARRY! TURN UP BROAD STREET...

THERE MUST BE LOTS O' EASIER WAYS THAN THIS TO GET KILLED, STEVE! WHY DON'T WE BOTH JUST JUMP IN THE RIVER!
THAT CAR, HARRY...


OUT OF A SIDE-STREET A SLEEK LIMOUSINE CAREENS OMINOUSLY...
IT'S WILSON AND HIS CABBIE FRIEND, ALL RIGHT! POUR IT INTO 'EM!
KRAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-
WE'VE DRAWN THE WOLVES OUT OF HIDING, HARRY! RAM THEM —
STOP


AS THE EMBATTLED HACKIE GRIMLY FOLLOWS ORDERS...
DON'T WORRY—THIS GLASS THE POLICE PUT IN IS BULLET-PROOF!
I KNOW, CHIEF! BUT IT DIDN'T COME WIT' NO P-POSITIVE GUARANTREE!
CRAASH

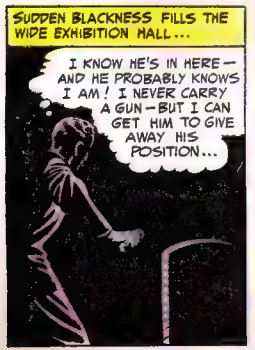

SWIFTLY, A TRAP IS CLOSED...
COPPERS! BOTH WAYS—
SCREEE
THAT'S OUR CUE, HARRY, OUT AND AT 'EM!
STOP
SCREEEE
POLICE

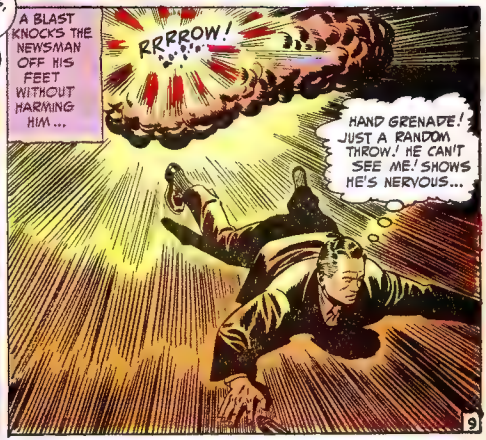
HERE'S ONE FOR THE MEAT-WAGON!
THERE GOES OUR MAN — BLACK HAT-LEGGING IT DOWN BOYLE STREET!
BLAMM

CANNILY, THE ESCAPING THUG FLEES INTO A THRONG OF ONLOOKERS...
SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT FIGURE...
DON'T SHOOT YET! TOO MANY PEOPLE IN THE WAY—

THEN...A QUICK PLUNGE INTO A BUILDING ON THE STREET...
HE BEAT IT INTO THAT WAR EXHIBIT!
HOLD IT, STEVE! HE COULD STAND OFF AN ARMY IN THERE! IT'S FULL OF WAR WEAPONS, THE REAL STUFF — READY FOR SHOWING TOMORROW!

AS THE REAR OF THE WAR EXHIBIT IS COVERED, TRAPPING THE LONE GUNMAN INSIDE IT...
I STARTED THIS SHOW, INSPECTOR — AND IF ANYONE GETS HURT, IT'LL BE ME! CUT THE POWER OF THE MAINS AND LEND ME YOUR FLASH! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!
ALL RIGHT, STEVE...


SUDDEN BLACKNESS FILLS THE WIDE EXHIBITION HALL...
I KNOW HE'S IN HERE — AND HE PROBABLY KNOWS I AM! I NEVER CARRY A GUN — BUT I CAN GET HIM TO GIVE AWAY HIS POSITION...


A BLAST KNOCKS THE NEWSMAN OFF HIS FEET WITHOUT HARMING HIM...
RRRROW!
HAND GRENADE! JUST A RANDOM THROW! HE CAN'T SEE ME! SHOWS HE'S NERVOUS...

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE BLAST, STEVE MAKES A FEW SWIFT PREPARATIONS...
HE WON'T SEE THE FLASH INSIDE THIS DOWNTURNED CARTON— BUT WHEN I YANK AWAY THE CARTON WITH THIS SPRING, IT WILL REVEAL THE LIGHT— ABRUPTLY...
CREEPING TEN FEET OFF, THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS MAN CARRIES OUT HIS PLAN...
BANG BANG
LIKE I HOPED— HE'S SHOOTING AT THE FLASH— REVEALING HIS POSITION.
SILENT AS A CAT, STEVE CLOSES IN ON HIS EXPOSED QUARRY...
SHOW YOURSELF, BLAST YOU!
I WILL — BUT IN MY OWN WAY!
DIVING AT THE BLACK-HATTED GUNMAN, THE ACE NEWSPAPERMAN QUICKLY PINS HIS ASSAILANT TO THE FLOOR...
WELL, LOOK WHO MY PLAYMATE IS— BOXIE VINCENT!
LATER... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, WHERE THE WHOLE GANG HAS BEEN HERDED...
BOXIE TRADED IDENTITIES AND PAPERS WITH ONE OF HIS HENCHMEN OVERSEAS AND FLEW BACK TO TOWN YESTERDAY. HE PLANNED TO TAKE OVER HIS OLD RACKETS AGAIN!
THE ONLY THING BOXIE IS GOING TO TAKE OVER IN BIG TOWN IS A CELL IN THE DEATH HOUSE FOR KILLING LOU TIMMONS!
MEANWHILE, THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS HAS PRINTED A SPECIAL 'SURPRISE' EDITION WHILE ITS PLUCKY LEADER WAS AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
SAY, WHO WROTE THAT HEAD?
I DID! IT'S TOO LATE TO CHANGE IT— AND BESIDES IT'S TRUE!
ILLUSTRATED PRESS
STEVE WILSON CAPTURES RACKET KING! TRAPS BOXIE VINCENT IN ARMOR!
The End
10

ADVERTISEMENT

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WITH STRAIGHT ARROW'S GOLD COLORED PLASTIC

RITE A LITE ARROWHEAD AND RADIANT MESSAGE PASS CARD

Straight Arrow says:

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SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE!

Straight Arrow's very own Rite a Lite Arrow Head in Gold Color Plastic! Writes in the dark on Radiant Message Pass Card! Message glows in the dark! Erase with some light! Rite a Lite sends signals, too!

Along with this amazing RITE A LITE ARROW HEAD, you get a special Radiant Message Pass Card. One side is luminous, for your secret messages that can be read in the dark! The other side identifies you as a member of Straight Arrow's tribe. There's a hole for a leather thong or chain in the light plunger of the Rite a Lite Arrow Head so you can wear it on your wrist, on your belt, or on a cord around your neck. Use it always—and use it for *years*—regular 716 Rayovac cell batteries fit it.

ONLY 25¢ AND A NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT BOX TOP FOR BOTH

BUT HURRY! This is the only Rite a Lite of its kind in the world—and the only way you can get it is by sending in the coupon with 25 cents and your box top from NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT—the grand-tasting 100% whole wheat cereal you'll want every breakfast.

the breakfast full of POWER from Niagara Falls!

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NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT
Dept. S, Box 200, New York 46, N. Y.

Please rush me my STRAIGHT ARROW RITE A LITE ARROW HEAD and Radiant Message Pass Card. I enclose 25¢ and a NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT box top. (Please print)

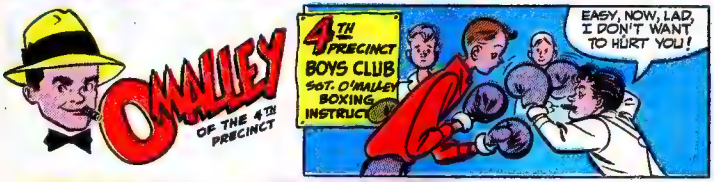
Name_____

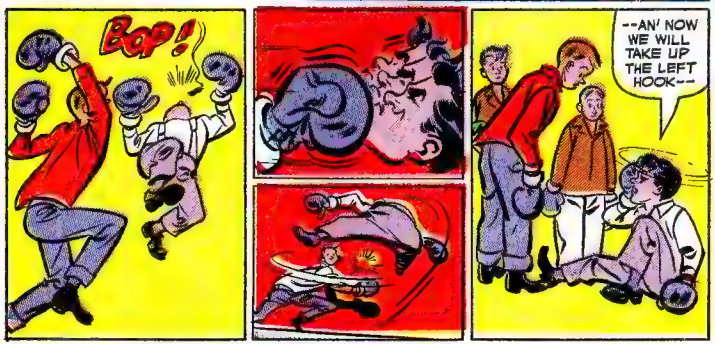
Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

(No stamps please. Offer good for a limited time and in the U. S. only)

Swami Pud
FORTUNES TOLD HERE
LET'S GO IN AND HEAR OUR FORTUNES!
I HOPE SWAMI PUD KNOWS HIS STUFF!
CAN HE TELL ABOUT MY REPORT CARD?
WE WANT TO HEAR OUR FORTUNES, SWAMI-
WHERE'S HIS CRYSTAL BALL?
HAS HE GOT A HEADACHE?
HMMM..
SWAMI BLOWS OWN CRYSTAL BALL--TELLS FORTUNES WITH DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!
CROSS SWAMI'S PALM WITH PENNY! READ OWN FORTUNE ON DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM WRAPPER! BLOW OWN CRYSTAL BALL WITH GUM!
DUBBLE BUBBLE
GEE! HERE'S MY FORTUNE. I'M GOING TO BUY DUBBLE BUBBLE FROM NOW ON!
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM
1
BLOWS BIGGER'N' BETTER BUBBLES
IT'S FUN TO FOLLOW FLEER FUNNIES
TRADE AN' SWAP THEM, TOO

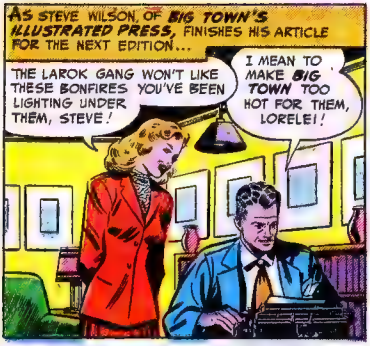

O'MALLEY
OF THE 4TH PRECINCT
4TH PRECINCT BOYS CLUB
SGT. O'MALLEY BOXING INSTRUCTOR
EASY, NOW, LAD, I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!

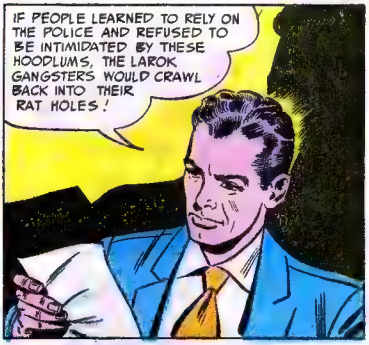

BOP!
--AN' NOW WE WILL TAKE UP THE LEFT HOOK--

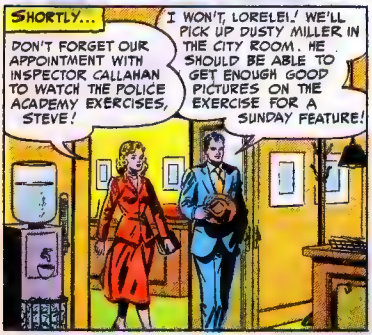
BIG TOWN

STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING NEWSMAN OF ***BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS***, HAS MADE COUNTLESS HEADLINES IN HIS UNRELENTING FIGHT AGAINST CRIME! BUT THIS TIME, IF HE IS THE SUBJECT OF ANOTHER HEADLINE, IT WILL BE AS A CORPSE! THAT IS THE DESPERATE CHOICE STEVE HAS TO MAKE IN ORDER TO SOLVE A RUTHLESS CRIME... IN THE FRONT-PAGE STORY WITH A DOUBLE TWIST.....

"BADGE OF COURAGE!"


AS STEVE WILSON, OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS, FINISHES HIS ARTICLE FOR THE NEXT EDITION...
THE LAROK GANG WON'T LIKE THESE BONFIRES YOU'VE BEEN LIGHTING UNDER THEM, STEVE!
I MEAN TO MAKE BIG TOWN TOO HOT FOR THEM, LORELEI!


IF PEOPLE LEARNED TO RELY ON THE POLICE AND REFUSED TO BE INTIMIDATED BY THESE HOODLUMS, THE LAROK GANGSTERS WOULD CRAWL BACK INTO THEIR RAT HOLES!

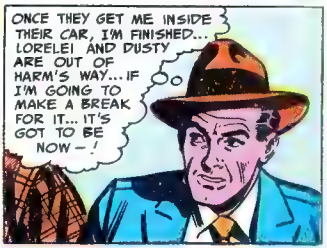

SHORTLY...
DON'T FORGET OUR APPOINTMENT WITH INSPECTOR CALLAHAN TO WATCH THE POLICE ACADEMY EXERCISES, STEVE!
I WON'T, LORELEI! WE'LL PICK UP DUSTY MILLER IN THE CITY ROOM. HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET ENOUGH GOOD PICTURES ON THE EXERCISE FOR A SUNDAY FEATURE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THE TRIO EXITS FROM THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING...
OH-OH! HERE'S TROUBLE! DOUBLE TROUBLE!
A PAIR OF LAROK GANG HOODS! WHATEVER HAPPENS, DUSTY—YOU AND LORELEI STAY OUT OF IT! THAT'S AN ORDER!

THE BOSS THINKS YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD, WILSON!
HE SENT US TO SEE THAT YOU GET A REST—A LONG ONE! COME ALONG WITH US! QUIET-LIKE! OR WE'LL SEND YOU ON YOUR "VACATION" NOW!

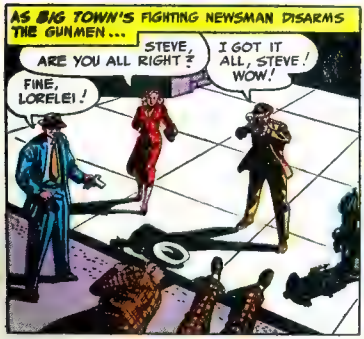
I'LL BE GLAD TO COME ALONG WITH YOU BOYS, IF YOU LET LORELEI AND DUSTY ALONE! THEY'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANYTHING I'VE WRITTEN! THEY JUST WORK FOR ME!
IT'S OKAY WITH US! BUT IF THEY START ANYTHING, IT'LL BE YOUR FINISH!

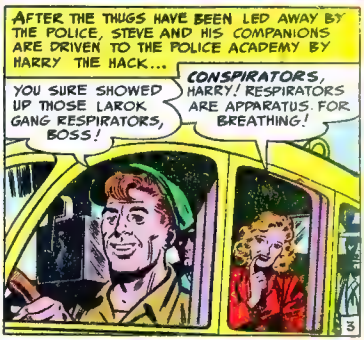
FLANKED BY THE TWIN GUNMEN, STEVE IS LED TOWARD THEIR PARKED CAR ...
YOU'RE PLAYING IT SMART, WILSON! NOT KICKING UP A FUSS! YOU'LL LIVE LONGER THAT WAY!
MAYBE! BUT NOT MUCH LONGER!


ONCE THEY GET ME INSIDE THEIR CAR, I'M FINISHED... LORELEI AND DUSTY ARE OUT OF HARM'S WAY... IF I'M GOING TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT... IT'S GOT TO BE NOW—!

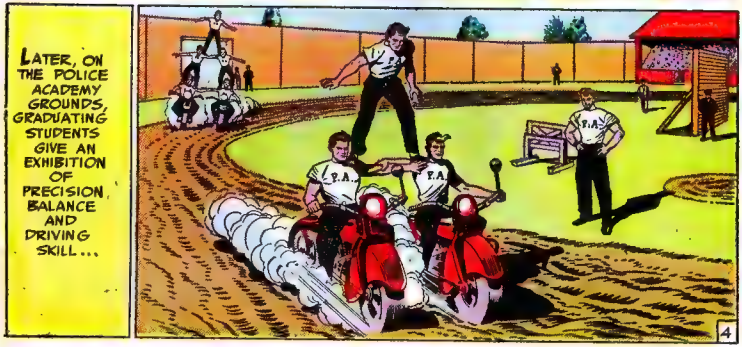
TAKING A DEEP BREATH, STEVE MAKES HIMSELF A DEAD WEIGHT AND SUDDENLY SINKS TO HIS KNEES...
LOOK OUT!
HE'S MAKING A BREAK—!

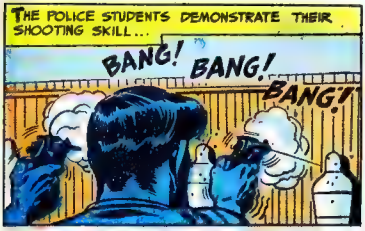
BEFORE THE STARTLED GUNMEN CAN RECOVER THEIR BALANCE...
BLAST HIM—!
MY GUN'S TANGL--

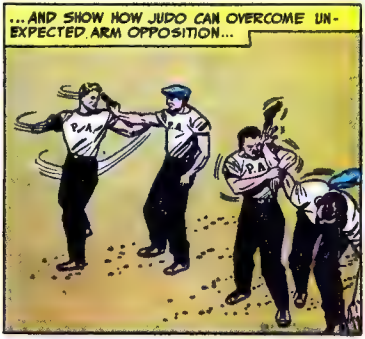

AS BIG TOWN'S FIGHTING NEWSMAN DISARMS THE GUNMEN...
STEVE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I GOT IT ALL, STEVE! WOW!
FINE, LORELEI!


AFTER THE THUGS HAVE BEEN LED AWAY BY THE POLICE, STEVE AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE DRIVEN TO THE POLICE ACADEMY BY HARRY THE HACK...
YOU SURE SHOWED UP THOSE LAROK GANG RESPIRATORS, BOSS!
CONSPIRATORS, HARRY! RESPIRATORS ARE APPARATUS FOR BREATHING!

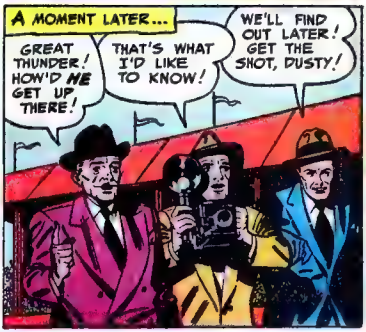
EN ROUTE TO THE POLICE ACADEMY...
BLAM! BAM! BLAM!
WE'RE BEING SHOT AT— IT MUST BE MORE OF THAT GANG!
RELAX, FOLKS! MY HACK'S JUST BACKFIRIN'! LISTEN! IT HAPPENS WHEN I GIVE 'ER THE GAS! SOUNDS JUST LIKE SHOTS, DOESN'T IT?
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
BLAM! BAM! BLAM!
SO THAT'S IT! I THOUGHT YOU HAD YOUR IGNITION FIXED, HARRY?
I'VE BEEN MEANIN' TO, MR. WILSON, BUT I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY! IT'S EASY TO FIX. THE IGNITION'S EITHER SET LITTLE TOO HIGH OR LOW. I'LL 'TEND TO IT!
TRIP RECORD

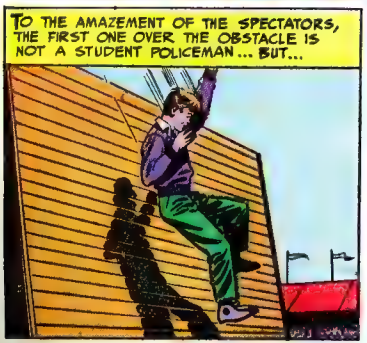

LATER, ON THE POLICE ACADEMY GROUNDS, GRADUATING STUDENTS GIVE AN EXHIBITION OF PRECISION, BALANCE AND DRIVING SKILL...
P.A.
P.A.
P.A.
P.A.

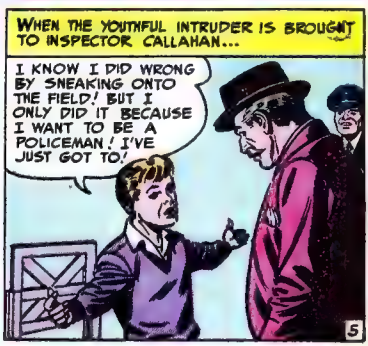

THE POLICE STUDENTS DEMONSTRATE THEIR SHOOTING SKILL...
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

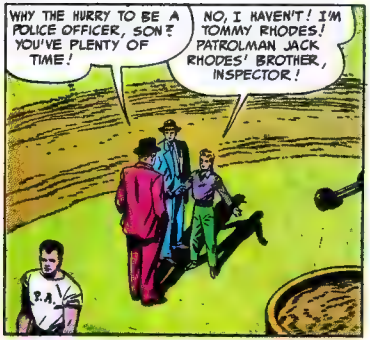

...AND SHOW HOW JUDO CAN OVERCOME UNEXPECTED ARM OPPOSITION...
P.A.
P.A.
P.A.

FINALLY...
THERE'S THE CLIMAX OF THE EXERCISES, STEVE! THE STUDENTS CLIMB UP THE REAR OF THIS FENCE BY MEANS OF ROPES—AND SLIDE DOWN THE FRONT!
QUITE AN OBSTACLE, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN! GET READY FOR THE FIRST MAN OVER, DUSTY!

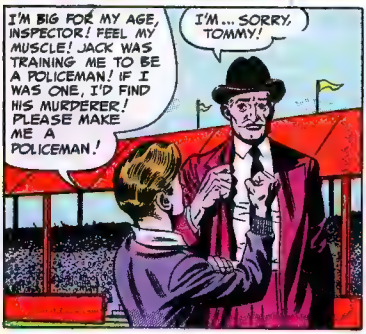

A MOMENT LATER...
GREAT THUNDER! HOW'D HE GET UP THERE!
THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!
WE'LL FIND OUT LATER! GET THE SHOT, DUSTY!

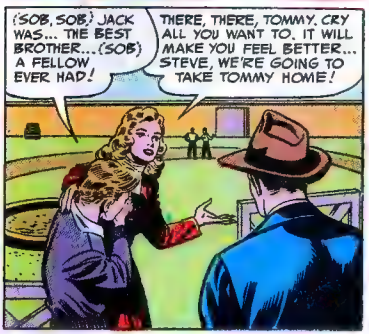

TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE SPECTATORS, THE FIRST ONE OVER THE OBSTACLE IS NOT A STUDENT POLICEMAN... BUT...

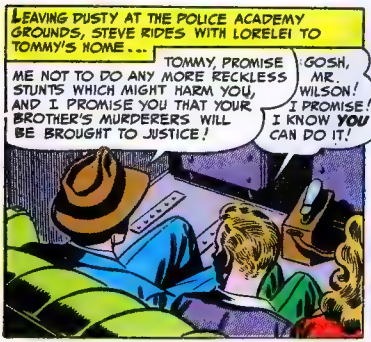

WHEN THE YOUTHFUL INTRUDER IS BROUGHT TO INSPECTOR CALLAHAN...
I KNOW I DID WRONG BY SNEAKING ONTO THE FIELD! BUT I ONLY DID IT BECAUSE I WANT TO BE A POLICEMAN! I'VE JUST GOT TO!


WHY THE HURRY TO BE A POLICE OFFICER, SON? YOU'VE PLENTY OF TIME!
NO, I HAVEN'T! I'M TOMMY RHODES! PATROLMAN JACK RHODES' BROTHER, INSPECTOR!

WASN'T THAT THE POLICEMAN WHO WAS KILLED ON HIS BEAT THE OTHER DAY?
YES! WE HAVEN'T A SINGLE LEAD ON THE KILLERS, EVEN THOUGH WE'RE SHAKING BIG TOWN UPSIDE DOWN TO GET ONE!


I'M BIG FOR MY AGE, INSPECTOR! FEEL MY MUSCLE! JACK WAS TRAINING ME TO BE A POLICEMAN! IF I WAS ONE, I'D FIND HIS MURDERER! PLEASE MAKE ME A POLICEMAN!
I'M ... SORRY, TOMMY!

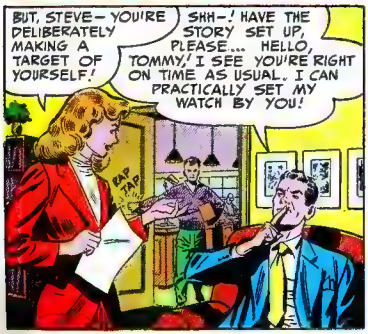

(SOB, SOB,) JACK WAS... THE BEST BROTHER... (SOB) A FELLOW EVER HAD!
THERE, THERE, TOMMY. CRY ALL YOU WANT TO. IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER... STEVE, WE'RE GOING TO TAKE TOMMY HOME!

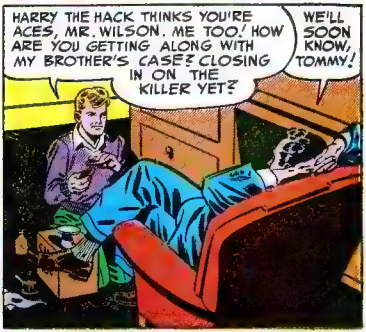

LEAVING DUSTY AT THE POLICE ACADEMY GROUNDS, STEVE RIDES WITH LORELEI TO TOMMY'S HOME...
TOMMY, PROMISE ME NOT TO DO ANY MORE RECKLESS STUNTS WHICH MIGHT HARM YOU, AND I PROMISE YOU THAT YOUR BROTHER'S MURDERERS WILL BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!
GOSH, MR. WILSON! I PROMISE! I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT!

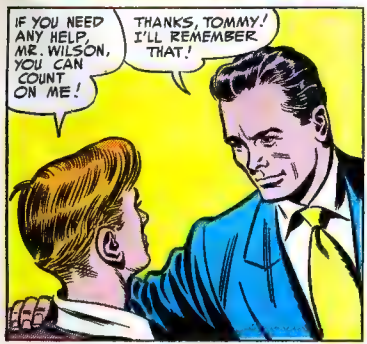
TOMMY HELPS HIS MOTHER BY SHINING SHOES AFTER SCHOOL, STEVE!
YOU CAN PUT THE STAFF OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS ON YOUR LIST OF CUSTOMERS NOW, TOMMY!
GEE, THANKS, MR. WILSON!
HINE
IOF

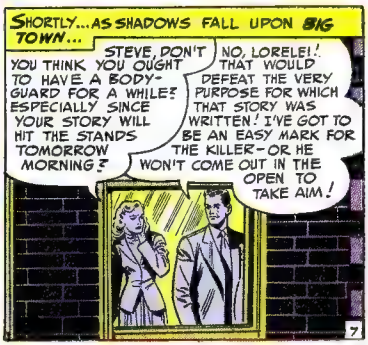
A FEW DAYS LATER, AT STEVE WILSON'S OFFICE...
STEVE! YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN! YOUR STORY STATES THAT YOU HAVE UNCOVERED EVIDENCE WHICH WILL LEAD TO THE MURDERERS OF PATROLMAN JACK RHODES! CONGRATULATIONS!
SAVE YOUR CONGRATULATIONS, LORELEI!

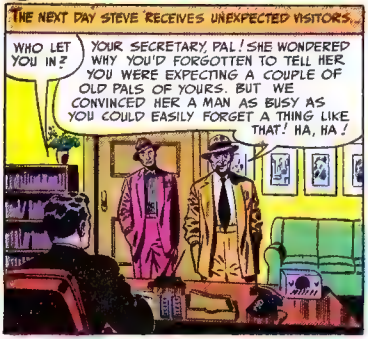
WHY, STEVE? YOUR STORY WOULD LEAD ANYONE TO BELIEVE THAT IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE YOU CLOSE THE CASE!
THAT'S WHAT I WANT THE UNKNOWN KILLER TO BELIEVE TOO, LORELEI! I HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA WHO HE IS! BUT I HOPE THAT HE'LL FALL FOR THE BAIT AND COME OUT INTO THE OPEN TO SILENCE ME!


BUT, STEVE— YOU'RE DELIBERATELY MAKING A TARGET OF YOURSELF!
SHH—! HAVE THE STORY SET UP, PLEASE... HELLO, TOMMY, I SEE YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME AS USUAL. I CAN PRACTICALLY SET MY WATCH BY YOU!
TAP TAP

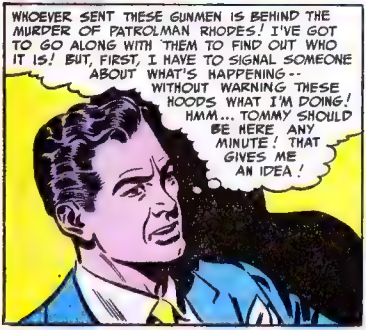

HARRY THE HACK THINKS YOU'RE ACES, MR. WILSON. ME TOO! HOW ARE YOU GETTING ALONG WITH MY BROTHER'S CASE? CLOSING IN ON THE KILLER YET?
WE'LL SOON KNOW, TOMMY!

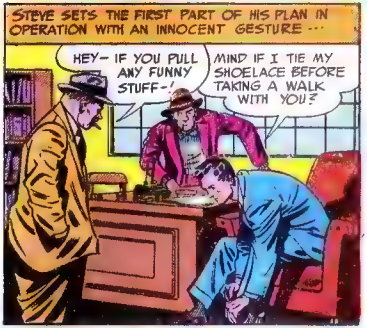

IF YOU NEED ANY HELP, MR. WILSON, YOU CAN COUNT ON ME!
THANKS, TOMMY! I'LL REMEMBER THAT!


SHORTLY... AS SHADOWS FALL UPON BIG TOWN...
STEVE, DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO HAVE A BODY-GUARD FOR A WHILE? ESPECIALLY SINCE YOUR STORY WILL HIT THE STANDS TOMORROW MORNING?
NO, LORELEI! THAT WOULD DEFEAT THE VERY PURPOSE FOR WHICH THAT STORY WAS WRITTEN! I'VE GOT TO BE AN EASY MARK FOR THE KILLER— OR HE WON'T COME OUT IN THE OPEN TO TAKE AIM!

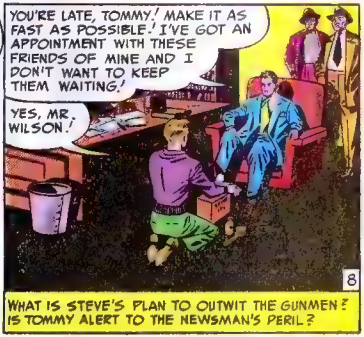

THE NEXT DAY STEVE RECEIVES UNEXPECTED VISITORS...
WHO LET YOU IN?
YOUR SECRETARY, PAL! SHE WONDERED WHY YOU'D FORGOTTEN TO TELL HER YOU WERE EXPECTING A COUPLE OF OLD PALS OF YOURS. BUT WE CONVINCED HER A MAN AS BUSY AS YOU COULD EASILY FORGET A THING LIKE THAT! HA, HA!

WE'VE GOT SILENCERS POINTING RIGHT AT YOU, PAL!
WE WANT YOU TO COME ALONG WITH US! SO YOU CAN ANSWER A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS ABOUT HOW MUCH YOU KNOW... ABOUT CERTAIN THINGS! IF YOU GET TOUGH, SOME OF YOUR PEOPLE IN THE OTHER OFFICE WILL GET HURT ALONG WITH YOU!


WHOEVER SENT THESE GUNMEN IS BEHIND THE MURDER OF PATROLMAN RHODES! I'VE GOT TO GO ALONG WITH THEM TO FIND OUT WHO IT IS! BUT, FIRST, I HAVE TO SIGNAL SOMEONE ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENING -- WITHOUT WARNING THESE HOODS WHAT I'M DOING! HMM... TOMMY SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!


STEVE SETS THE FIRST PART OF HIS PLAN IN OPERATION WITH AN INNOCENT GESTURE ...
HEY- IF YOU PULL ANY FUNNY STUFF-!
MIND IF I TIE MY SHOELACE BEFORE TAKING A WALK WITH YOU?

WHO'S THAT COMING?
JUST THE SHOESHINE BOY! HE SHINES MY SHOES EVERY DAY!
WE DON'T WANT TO MAKE HIM SUSPICIOUS! HAVE HIM SHINE YOUR SHOES BUT GET RID OF HIM FAST!


YOU'RE LATE, TOMMY! MAKE IT AS FAST AS POSSIBLE! I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH THESE FRIENDS OF MINE AND I DON'T WANT TO KEEP THEM WAITING!
YES, MR. WILSON!
8
WHAT IS STEVE'S PLAN TO OUTWIT THE GUNMEN? IS TOMMY ALERT TO THE NEWSMAN'S PERIL?

AFTER TOMMY DEPARTS, THE GUNMEN TAKE STEVE OUT OF A SIDE EXIT OF THE BUILDING TO A WAITING CAR...

WE'LL HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE HIDEOUT! NO ONE'S TAILING US! BUT USE SIDE STREETS ANYWAY — JUST TO MAKE SURE!

BUT AS THE GUNMEN'S CAR TWISTS AND TURNS.. IT IS DOGGEDLY FOLLOWED BY...

FOLLOW THAT CAR, HARRY! MR. WILSON'S IN IT! KIDNAPPED! WE CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE OF STOPPING FOR HELP — WE MIGHT LOSE THE CAR!

BUT HOW'D YOU KNOW MR. WILSON WAS IN DANGER, TOMMY?

FIRST, HE SAID I WAS *LATE* — AND I WAS RIGHT ON TIME LIKE ALWAYS! THAT MADE ME SUSPICIOUS! THEN I SAW THE **SOS** HE HAD SCRATCHED INTO THE POLISH ON HIS SHOE!

SOS

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ***BIG TOWN***, THE GANGSTER CAR TURNS INTO A SOLITARY ROAD...

THERE'S NO CHANCE OF GETTING HELP ON THIS ROAD NOW - EVEN IF WE WANTED TO, TOMMY!

A SUDDEN METALLIC CLANG REVEALS A DISMAYING FACT TO THE PURSUING DUET...

THIS IS A PRIVATE ROAD! THAT GATE MUST WORK BY AN ELECTRIC EYE! IT OPENED WHEN THOSE HOODS ENTERED -- AND CLOSED WHEN WE PASSED! WE'RE PRISONERS, TOO!

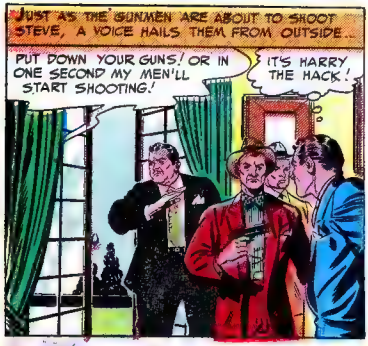
CLANG!

WE CAN'T THINK OF THAT, HARRY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY OF HELPING MR. WILSON!

MEANWHILE, IN A HOUSE AT THE END OF THE ROAD, THE TRAPPED NEWSMAN IS FACE TO FACE WITH THE RUTHLESS LEADER OF THE LAROK GANG...

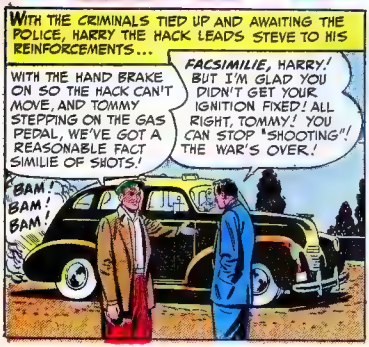
DID YOU ACTUALLY THINK YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH KILLING A POLICEMAN, LAROK?

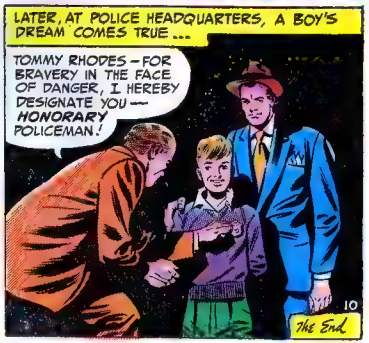
SO YOU REALLY FOUND OUT ABOUT MY SHOOTING THAT COP, WHEN HE GOT IN THE WAY OF A JOB WE WERE PULLING, WILSON! NOW I'LL HAVE TO PUT YOU WHERE YOU CAN'T DO ANY TALKING! LET HIM HAVE IT, BOYS! RIGHT NOW!


JUST AS THE GUNMEN ARE ABOUT TO SHOOT STEVE, A VOICE HAILS THEM FROM OUTSIDE..
PUT DOWN YOUR GUNS! OR IN ONE SECOND MY MEN'LL START SHOOTING!
IT'S HARRY THE HACK!

SHOOT—YOU FOOLS!
WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE, LAROK! IT SOUNDS LIKE AN ARMY'S OUTSIDE!
OKAY! YOU ASKED FOR IT!
BLAM! BAM! BLAM!

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE GANGSTER'S MOMENTARY CONFUSION, STEVE WILSON LASHES OUT...
FOLLOW ME, BOYS!
BAM! BLAM! BLAM!
YOU COULDN'T HAVE TIMED IT BETTER, HARRY!


WITH THE CRIMINALS TIED UP AND AWAITING THE POLICE, HARRY THE HACK LEADS STEVE TO HIS REINFORCEMENTS...
WITH THE HAND BRAKE ON SO THE HACK CAN'T MOVE, AND TOMMY STEPPING ON THE GAS PEDAL, WE'VE GOT A REASONABLE FACT SIMILIE OF SHOTS!
FACSIMILIE, HARRY! BUT I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T GET YOUR IGNITION FIXED! ALL RIGHT, TOMMY! YOU CAN STOP "SHOOTING"! THE WAR'S OVER!
BAM! BAM! BAM!


LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, A BOY'S DREAM COMES TRUE ...
TOMMY RHODES—FOR BRAVERY IN THE FACE OF DANGER, I HEREBY DESIGNATE YOU— HONORARY POLICEMAN!
The End

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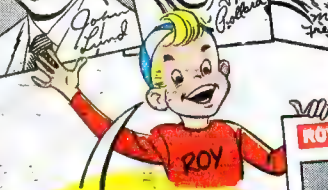
Join the Gang! start collecting



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ROYAL CUSTARD FLAVOR DESSERT MIX

HEADLINE HEROES

JOSEPH PULITZER (1847–1911) EDITOR–NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR

REJECTED BY THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION BECAUSE OF PHYSICAL DEFECTS, HUNGARIAN–BORN ***JOSEPH PULITZER*** EMIGRATED TO AMERICA TO JOIN THE UNION ARMY IN THE CIVIL WAR!

IN 1878, HE PURCHASED THE FALTERING ST. LOUIS ***DISPATCH***, AND MERGED IT WITH THE ***POST***. UNDER HIS GUIDING HAND, THE COMBINED ***POST–DISPATCH*** SOON DOMINATED ALL ST. LOUIS EVENING PAPERS. PULITZER ADHERED TO AN INDEPENDENT POLICY IN POLITICS, AND CAMPAIGNED VIGOROUSLY FOR TARIFF REFORM...

SHIFTING HIS NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISES TO NEW YORK, PULITZER TOOK OVER THE NEW YORK ***WORLD*** IN 1883 AND TURNED IT INTO A $500,000 A YEAR PROFIT-MAKER. HE WON AN IMPORTANT PRICE WAR WITH THE NEW YORK ***JOURNAL*** BY REDUCING HIS PAPER'S PRICE TO ONE CENT.

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FAILING EYESIGHT COMPELLED HIM TO RETIRE FROM ACTIVE NEWSPAPER WORK, BUT HE NEVER LOST INTEREST IN PUBLISHING. HE ESTABLISHED THE FAMOUS PULITZER PRIZES, AWARDED ANNUALLY FOR LETTERS, THE DRAMA, MUSIC AND NEWSPAPER WORK.

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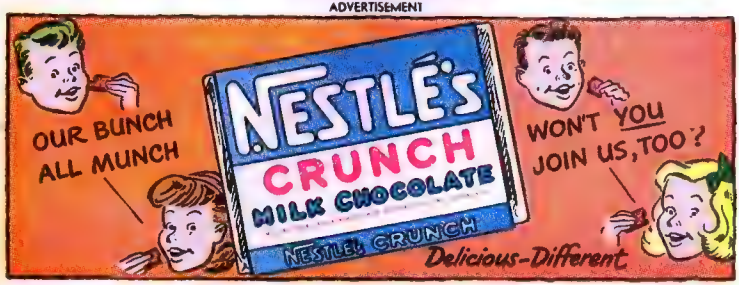


Johnny Law

HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE

ZERO: MEANING EMPTY, A CIPHER... OR TO BROADEN THE CONTEXT IN THE FASHION OF A CERTAIN SINISTER GENT WE ARE SOON TO MEET: DEATH! FOR IT IS THIS UNSAVORY PERSON'S BUSINESS TO TRANSFER DESIGNATED AND UNWARY CITIZENS FROM THE REALM OF THE LIVING TO A STATE QUAINTLY DESCRIBED AS "ZERO;" UNTIL DETECTIVE JOHNNY LAW GETS THE MURDER-MERCHANT'S NUMBER AND ENDS THE DEADLOCK OF.. "THE ZERO HOUR!"

EVEN THE UNSAVORY CHARACTERS WHO COMPRISE THE "ORGANIZATION" OF BACKWASH BAILEY FIND IDLENESS IRKSOME...

SITTIN' AROUND HERE DAY AFTER DAY- DOIN' NOTHIN'. WE GOTTA SWING SOMETHIN', BACKWASH. I'M FED UP WITH BEIN' BROKE.

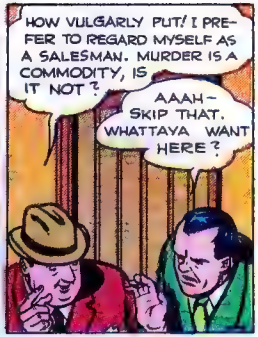
WHY DON'T YOU GUYS GO OUT AN' MAKE A COUPLE OF CONTACTS INSTEAD OF COMPLAININ'?

IN OUR BUSINESS THERE'S GOT TO BE SLUMPS. WHATTAYA WANNA DO- ADVERTISE? WE GOTTA WAIT TILL SOMEONE NEEDS US.

H-SSST- SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.

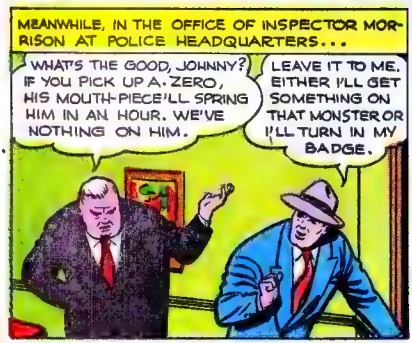
PLEASE – PUT THE GUN AWAY. I DISLIKE INTRODUCTIONS IN SUCH A TENSE ATMOSPHERE.
WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU?

MY FACE YOU WOULDN'T KNOW. BUT CERTAINLY MY REPUTATION MUST HAVE PRECEDED ME. I'M A. ZERO!
A. ZERO! THE MURDER FIXER!


HOW VULGARLY PUT! I PREFER TO REGARD MYSELF AS A SALESMAN. MURDER IS A COMMODITY, IS IT NOT?
AAAH – SKIP THAT. WHATTAYA WANT HERE?

BUSINESS – STRICTLY BUSINESS. BY CERTAIN DISCREET INQUIRIES I HAVE LEARNED THAT YOU GENTS ARE NOT VERY OCCUPIED. SO – IF YOU'RE FREE TO FILL MY ORDERS AT THE USUAL COMMISSION...

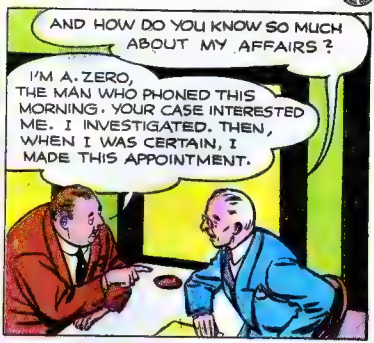
... MY SCRAP-BOOK IS BULGING WITH POSSIBILITIES. SO MANY LOCAL PERSONS WHO DISLIKE EACH OTHER. SO MANY POTENTIAL "ZEROS."
SIT DOWN, A.Z., AN' LET'S TALK BUSINESS!


MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF INSPECTOR MORRISON AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
WHAT'S THE GOOD, JOHNNY? IF YOU PICK UP A. ZERO, HIS MOUTH-PIECE'LL SPRING HIM IN AN HOUR. WE'VE NOTHING ON HIM.
LEAVE IT TO ME. EITHER I'LL GET SOMETHING ON THAT MONSTER OR I'LL TURN IN MY BADGE.

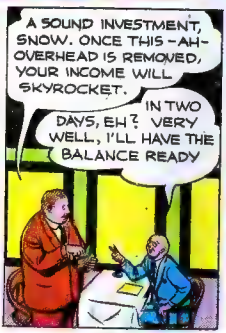
A. ZERO – SALESMAN OF DEATH! I REALLY SHOULD SIZE HIM UP FIRST — THAT ALWAYS HELPS. I'LL TRY HIS HOTEL, ANYWAY.
2

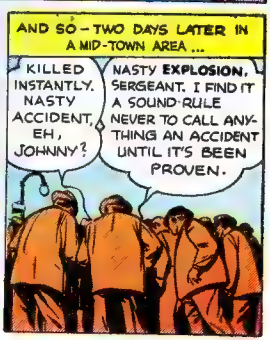
LATER...
FROM HEADQUARTERS. THE NAME'S JOHNNY LAW. GOT A FEW MINUTES, ZERO?
ABSOLUTELY! COME IN! POLICEMEN ALWAYS INTEREST ME.
SO YOU'RE JOHNNY LAW— WHAT DO YOU KNOW! I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU!
I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU, TOO— NOTHING GOOD! ANYWAY, THOUGHT WE SHOULD MEET. BECAUSE I'M THE GUY THAT'S GOING TO GET YOU, ZERO!
THEY SAY JOHNNY LAW IS SOMEWHAT BOASTFUL. ALSO THEY SAY HE MAKES GOOD HIS BOASTS. BUT THIS TIME, JOHNNY LAW IS A FOOL. KINDLY GET OUT. I DON'T LIKE THREATS!
AND I DON'T LIKE BEING PUSHED AROUND!
YOU'RE FORTUNATE, MR. LAW. I'M A PEACEFUL MAN. NEVER INDULGE IN BRAWLS. BUT— I NEVER FORGET!
FINE! BE SURE YOU DON'T!
SO THAT'S A. ZERO. CLEVER, ADROIT AND FULL OF COLD MENACE. GLAD I VISITED HIM. OTHERWISE I MIGHT HAVE UNDERRATED HIM. WON'T BE AN EASY JOB GETTING HIM.

THAT EVENING, IN A SMALL, MID-TOWN RESTAURANT...
AH—THE AMBITIOUS MR. SNOW, BURDENED WITH AN UNNECESSARY PARTNER WHO TAKES HALF OF ALL YOUR HARD-EARNED PROFITS. YES—I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR DISLIKING HIM.
HUH? WHO ARE YOU?


AND HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT MY AFFAIRS?
I'M A. ZERO, THE MAN WHO PHONED THIS MORNING. YOUR CASE INTERESTED ME. I INVESTIGATED. THEN, WHEN I WAS CERTAIN, I MADE THIS APPOINTMENT.

FIVE THOUSAND, EH? HALF NOW AND HALF AFTER YOU—UH—GET RID OF HIM. RIGHT?
NOW—NOW—I MERELY SAID YOUR PARTNER WILL BE INFLUENCED INTO WITHDRAWING, UNDERSTAND?

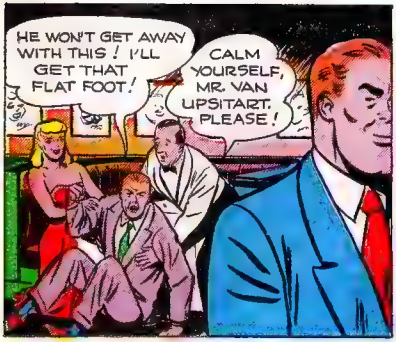

A SOUND INVESTMENT, SNOW. ONCE THIS—AH—OVERHEAD IS REMOVED, YOUR INCOME WILL SKYROCKET.
IN TWO DAYS, EH? VERY WELL, I'LL HAVE THE BALANCE READY

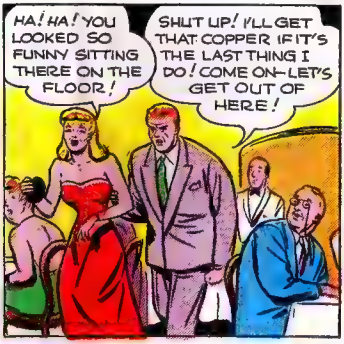

AND SO—TWO DAYS LATER IN A MID-TOWN AREA...
KILLED INSTANTLY. NASTY ACCIDENT, EH, JOHNNY?
NASTY EXPLOSION, SERGEANT. I FIND IT A SOUND RULE NEVER TO CALL ANYTHING AN ACCIDENT UNTIL IT'S BEEN PROVEN.

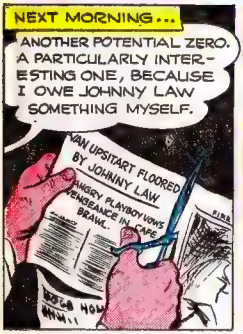
WHAT'S THERE TO PROVE? WHEN SEWER GAS EXPLODES, THAT'S AN ACCIDENT, ISN'T IT?
TRUE, SERGEANT. BUT WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE IT WAS SEWER GAS? FOR EXAMPLE, THIS TWISTED METAL FRAGMENT—

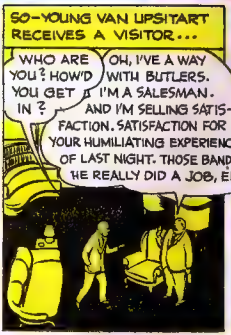
—IT'S NOT SEWER PIPE MATERIAL AND IT WASN'T RIPPED FROM THE METAL COVER EITHER. MAYBE THE SCIENCE BOYS AT HEADQUARTERS CAN IDENTIFY IT.
4

LATER, AT THE POLICE LABORATORY...
IT'S SO TWISTED I CAN'T BE CERTAIN. BUT SOME TYPES OF DETONATOR CAPS ARE MADE OF THIS KIND OF ALLOY, JOHNNY. BURNS APPARENTLY CAUSED BY FULMINATE OF MERCURY, OFTEN USED FOR DETONATING PURPOSES...
THANKS, ED.
FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF, INSPECTOR. THREE FREAK ACCIDENTS IN THREE DAYS-- A RECENTLY INSPECTED SIGN FALLS ON A GUY, A WHEEL COMES OFF A SPEEDING NEW CAR -- AND NOW THIS!
MEANING A.ZERO, EH?
RIGHT- AND UNTIL I GET A SMARTER HUNCH, THAT'S THE ONE I'M PLAYING.
I'M NOT DISPUTING YOU, JOHNNY. YOU JUST GO AHEAD.
THAT EVENING IN AN EXCLUSIVE UPTOWN CAFE ...
VAN- ISN'T THAT JOHNNY LAW, THE DETECTIVE? GOSH - HE LOOKS LIKE A REAL HE-MAN.'
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? DON'T I RATE NEXT TO THAT CHEAP FLATFOOT?
DID I HEAR A CRACK?
YOU'VE GOT GOOD EARS, COPPER. SO WHAT? SCRAM OR I'LL HAVE YOU POUNDING A BEAT IN THE STICKS.
VAN!
JUST FOR PRACTICE, I'LL TRY POUNDING YOUR JAW!


HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL GET THAT FLAT FOOT!
CALM YOURSELF, MR. VAN UPSITART. PLEASE!

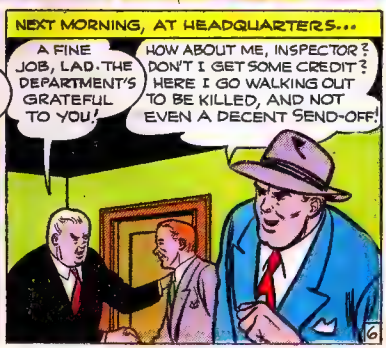

HA! HA! YOU LOOKED SO FUNNY SITTING THERE ON THE FLOOR!
SHUT UP! I'LL GET THAT COPPER IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! COME ON—LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!


NEXT MORNING...
ANOTHER POTENTIAL ZERO. A PARTICULARLY INTERESTING ONE, BECAUSE I OWE JOHNNY LAW SOMETHING MYSELF.
VAN UPSITART FLOORED BY JOHNNY LAW
ANGRY PLAYBOY VOWS VENGEANCE IN CAPE BRAWL...


SO—YOUNG VAN UPSITART RECEIVES A VISITOR...
WHO ARE YOU? HOW'D YOU GET IN?
OH, I'VE A WAY WITH BUTLERS. AND I'M A SALESMAN. I'M SELLING SATISFACTION. SATISFACTION FOR YOUR HUMILIATING EXPERIENCE OF LAST NIGHT. THOSE BANDAGES—HE REALLY DID A JOB, EH?

NATURALLY, THE RATES FOR INFLUENCING DETECTIVES COME HIGH. BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT JOHNNY LAW WILL BE OFF THE POLICE FORCE FOR GOOD!
MM—BUT IF HE'S KILLED, I'LL BE SUSPECTED. I MADE THREATS...

KILLED? BUT I SAID "INFLUENCED," IF YOU PLEASE. OF COURSE, IF SOME UNAVOIDABLE ACCIDENT SHOULD OCCUR, HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY BE RESPONSIBLE?
I SEE... I SEE... BROTHER, YOU'VE MADE A SALE!


NEXT MORNING, AT HEADQUARTERS...
A FINE JOB, LAD. THE DEPARTMENT'S GRATEFUL TO YOU!
HOW ABOUT ME, INSPECTOR? DON'T I GET SOME CREDIT? HERE I GO WALKING OUT TO BE KILLED, AND NOT EVEN A DECENT SEND-OFF!

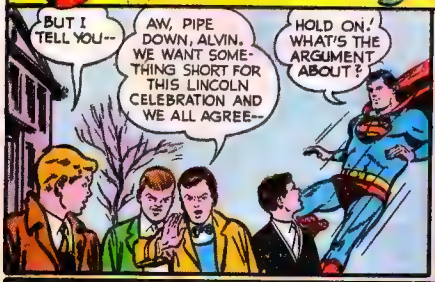
I CAN'T HELP FEELING A BIT JUMPY WALKING OUT LIKE THIS. ZERO MAY ACT A LOT SOONER THAN I FIGURE, AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT...
ULP! MAYBE THAT WAS IT!
STAND BACK!
WELL— I'M RIGHT ON TIME!
YOU ASKED FER IT— HERE IT IS!
IT'S JOHNNY LAW!
HE-HE'S DEAD!
NEXT MORNING...
"UNKNOWN BANDITS SLAY DETECTIVE"... WHAT SINGULAR GOOD FORTUNE. WHAT TROUBLE AND EXPENSE THEY SAVED ME. JOHNNY LAW DEAD AND ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TAKE CREDIT AND COLLECT MY FEE.

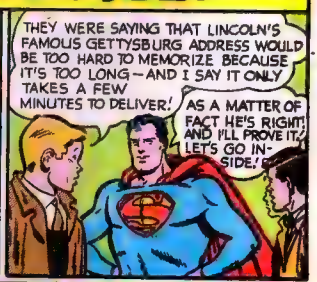
SOON--A. ZERO RECEIVES A VISITOR...
UH-IT'S ME. YOUR "INFLUENCE" WORKED SO WELL, I'D LIKE TO PAY YOU A BONUS. BUT TELL ME-HOW WAS IT MANAGED?
AH-APPRECIATION. WELL-SINCE YOU'RE IN THIS TOO, A FRIENDLY EXPOSITION WOULD DELIGHT ME.
BUT IS THAT ALL? YOU JUST STAGED A PHONEY HOLD-UP?
YOU INSULT MY IMAGINATION. TAKE THE LUCAS JOB-A REAL MASTERPIECE. AN EXPLOSIVE PLANTED IN THE SEWER OPPOSITE LUCAS' OFFICE, A MAN WATCHING FROM A WINDOW WITH THE DETONATOR...
THANKS, ZERO-THAT'S ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED FOR NOW.
JOHNNY LAW! BUT-BUT YOU'RE DEAD. WHAT FOUL DECEIT IS THIS?
WHAT ABOUT YOUR OWN LITTLE DECEPTION? TAKING CREDIT FOR THAT PHONEY HOLD-UP I PLANNED TO KEEP YOU FROM REALLY KILLING ME. BUT THE LUCAS INCIDENT IS ALL THE CREDIT YOU'LL NEED FOR WHERE YOU'RE GOING.
THIS TIME I WON'T BE TAKING UNDESERVED CREDIT...
IT'S TOO LATE FOR GUNPLAY, ZERO. BESIDES, YOU'VE GOT LESS MANEUVERABILITY THAN A SACK OF ONIONS!
GUESS IT'S ZERO FOR ME, IF I MAY VENTURE A FEEBLE PUN IN THE TEETH OF DISASTER.
TO CONTINUE IN THE SAME VEIN, THESE LISTS OF YOUR CUSTOMERS AND HENCHMEN SHOULD CLEAR THIS AFFAIR UP FROM A TO ZERO!
END

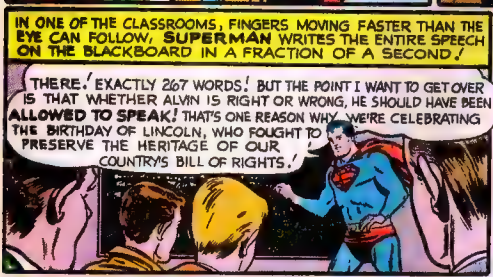
ADVERTISEMENT

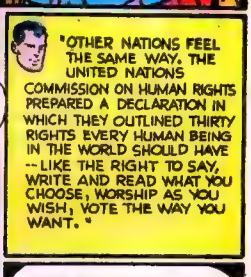
Captain Tootsie IN THE NORTH WOODS
By BILL SCHREIBER
HIKING THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS ON A DAY LIKE THIS SURE IS INVIGORATING!
BOY OH BOY, BEAR TRACKS AND THEY ARE BIG!
LOOK CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!
YOU ARE RIGHT ROLLO, AND THEY ARE FRESH TRACKS — AND WE HAVE NEITHER GUN NOR RIFLE
I HAVE AN IDEA!
WE'LL ALL HELP CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!
GOOD! BUT FIRST LET'S ALL EAT DELICIOUS TOOTSIE ROLLS WE'LL ALL NEED PLENTY OF ENERGY!
THAT'S DEEP ENOUGH!
AFTER DIGGING A DEEP HOLE CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND HIS PALS PLACE TWIGS AND LEAVES OVER THE OPENING, USING THEIR LUNCH AS BAIT THEY PUT ALL THE FOOD ON TOP OF THE TWIGS
YIPE!
HERE HE COMES, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!
QUICK! UP YOU GO, EVERYBODY!
THE HUNGRY BEAR HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE FOOD!
HURRAY - IT WORKED!
HE'S TRAPPED!
CRASH!
AN HOUR LATER, THE FOREST RANGERS HAVING BEEN CALLED BY CAPTAIN TOOTSIE, PUT THE BEAR INTO A CAGE.
TOOTSIE ROLLS, EVERYBODY! CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER SUBSTITUTE FOR THE LUNCH WE SACRIFICED!
YUM YUM
HE SURE IS A BIG ONE!
Tootsie POPS 2¢
CHERRY CHOCOLATE ORANGE LEMON LIME
DELICIOUS CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER
FOR A TREAT OF TREATS - DEE-LISH-US, CHOCOLATY, CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL!
Tootsie Roll
Tootsie POPS 2¢ each
INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED

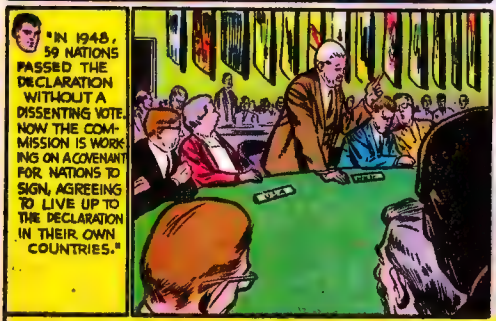
SUPERMAN says: "HUMAN RIGHTS for ALL!"


BUT I TELL YOU--
AW, PIPE DOWN, ALVIN. WE WANT SOMETHING SHORT FOR THIS LINCOLN CELEBRATION AND WE ALL AGREE--
HOLD ON! WHAT'S THE ARGUMENT ABOUT?


THEY WERE SAYING THAT LINCOLN'S FAMOUS GETTYSBURG ADDRESS WOULD BE TOO HARD TO MEMORIZE BECAUSE IT'S TOO LONG—AND I SAY IT ONLY TAKES A FEW MINUTES TO DELIVER!
AS A MATTER OF FACT HE'S RIGHT! AND I'LL PROVE IT! LET'S GO INSIDE!


IN ONE OF THE CLASSROOMS, FINGERS MOVING FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, SUPERMAN WRITES THE ENTIRE SPEECH ON THE BLACKBOARD IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND!
THERE! EXACTLY 267 WORDS! BUT THE POINT I WANT TO GET OVER IS THAT WHETHER ALVIN IS RIGHT OR WRONG, HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO SPEAK! THAT'S ONE REASON WHY WE'RE CELEBRATING THE BIRTHDAY OF LINCOLN, WHO FOUGHT TO PRESERVE THE HERITAGE OF OUR COUNTRY'S BILL OF RIGHTS!

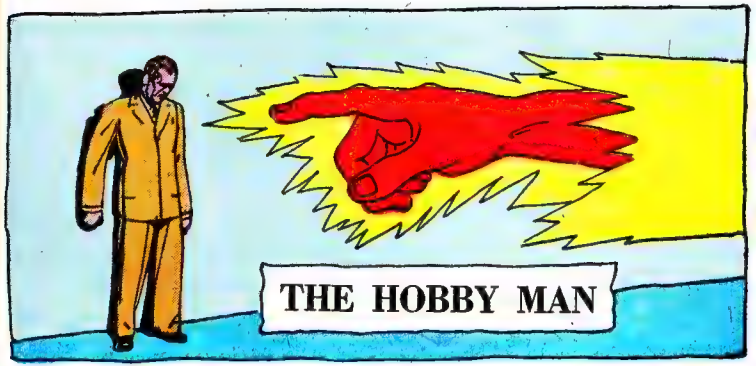

"OTHER NATIONS FEEL THE SAME WAY. THE UNITED NATIONS COMMISSION ON HUMAN RIGHTS PREPARED A DECLARATION IN WHICH THEY OUTLINED THIRTY RIGHTS EVERY HUMAN BEING IN THE WORLD SHOULD HAVE --LIKE THE RIGHT TO SAY, WRITE AND READ WHAT YOU CHOOSE, WORSHIP AS YOU WISH, VOTE THE WAY YOU WANT."


"IN 1948, 59 NATIONS PASSED THE DECLARATION WITHOUT A DISSENTING VOTE. NOW THE COMMISSION IS WORKING ON A COVENANT FOR NATIONS TO SIGN, AGREEING TO LIVE UP TO THE DECLARATION IN THEIR OWN COUNTRIES."
U.N.
U.S.A.
U.S.S.R.

LET'S SEE TO IT THAT WE LIVE UP TO THIS IMPORTANT JOB AT HOME AND SUPPORT OUR UNITED NATIONS IN HELPING OTHER COUNTRIES TO LIVE UP TO IT, TOO. THAT WAY, THE WORLD CAN BE A SAFE AND HAPPY PLACE FOR Everybody!

THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.

H.A. 312



THE HOBBY MAN

"HOLD IT!"

Benson whirled at the command, then slowly raised his hands from his vest. Stepping through the French doors that led to the garden, a masked man gestured at Benson with a small, deadly automatic.

"Not a peep out of you. I know that this is your servants' day off. I've worked this out very carefully so that I won't be interrupted," said the masked man as he walked over to the radio and turned it off.

"I have no intention of arguing with a man who holds a gun," commented Benson quietly.

The other chuckled. "That's being smart. And now to get to work."

"You'll find some money in the desk."

"Thanks—but that won't be enough. You ought to know what I'm after."

"You're rather well informed."

"Why not? When a man goes in for hobbies it gets about. Particularly when a man has as many hobbies as you have, Benson. Mind you I'm not complaining about the way you spread your money around . . . I'm sincerely grateful for it," the gunman ended with another laugh.

"You're well spoken for a thief."

"I prefer to be known as a gentleman of fortune. Sit in that chair and don't make a move."

Taking a slim, hooked length of steel from an inner pocket, the intruder went to work expertly on various drawers. Every so often his eyes flicked at Benson, but the latter made no incautious move.

Grunting with pleasure, the man in the mask emptied the contents of the drawers onto a table. "I can get twenty thousand for these stamps," he murmured. "And these matched black pearls. . . A-ah! For these beauties I can name my own price!"

Ever watchful of Benson, he continued pawing about. His eyes glinted behind the mask as he looked down at some bits of jade whose size belied their value. "Give me a rich man with hobbies every time. It makes my work so much simpler."

After carefully stowing his loot in a chamois bag, the thief carefully wiped off

all places where he might have left fingerprints. He had just finished when Benson sprang.

With the tenaciousness of desperation, Benson clung to the other man's gunhand. Breathing hard, the two battlers swayed back and forth across the room. A large, artificially heated tank of tropical fish hit the floor with a crash.

Putting all his strength into the effort, Benson twisted away at the other's wrist. There was a dull plop as the gun hit the floor. Benson bent swiftly—and felt great waves of pain go coursing through him.

As he sat on the floor holding his aching head, the masked man levelled the recovered gun at him. "You fell for an old trick, Benson. When I pretended to lose control of the gun you went for it and forgot me. That knee you got in the head was only a taste of what's to come."

"You're going to kill me," Benson said tiredly as he got to his feet.

"I am. Nobody plays rough with 'Silk' Folley and lives to talk about it."

"Since there's nothing I can do about it, how about putting your bullet right here." Benson's hand covered a portion of his vest. "It'll hurt that much less."

"Glad to oblige," mocked "Silk." Almost imperceptibly his finger tightened. The gun coughed and Benson's legs went out from under him. He lay quiet.

Through the French doors went the other without a backward look. No fingerprints and no witnesses. A good, clean job that couldn't possibly backfire on him.

Three hours later the police picked him up.

Blustering in vain, he was hauled down to Headquarters. Inside, his torrent of words suddenly dried. There, sitting calmly, was Benson . . . a very much alive Benson.

"How . . . how . . ."

"You shouldn't pick on a man who goes in for hobbies," reproved Benson.

"I never saw you before," "Silk" managed to get out.

As if he hadn't heard him, Benson continued: "You put yourself into an airtight trap. When you entered my home the radio was going. I was timing a certain song with *this*." In Benson's hand now lay a battered, heavy watch.

"It's a stop-watch. I slid it into my vest pocket before raising my hands. It was a natural movement and you didn't object. It was heavy enough to stop your bullet without giving me more than a bone-bruise."

"It's only your word against mine."

"No . . . not precisely. Remember, I am a man of many hobbies. Timing that song was only one of the things that I was doing when you intruded. I like that particular song and intended hearing it many times more."

"So what?"

"So *you* convicted yourself, Mr. Folley. Every word of our conversation—including your mentioning your name—is on record."

Folley knew he was finished when Benson removed from his pocket a small *wire-recorder*.

LENS-MAN

DICK SARNO IS ONE OF THE BEST NEWS CAMERAMEN EXTANT. DICK GOT A PHOTO OF THE MURDERED LINDBERGH BABY THAT WAS USED AT THE FAMOUS TRIAL. LATER HE HID IN A TRUCK AND GOT THE FIRST PHOTO OF ANNE LINDBERGH AND HER SECOND CHILD—ALL DESPITE MANY GUARDS.

DICK SARNO

TWO MOVIES WERE BASED ON HIS DEEDS. ONCE, A SHIP WAS BURNING AT SEA. THE WEATHER WAS TOO BAD FOR A PLANE SO DICK HIRED A SPEED BOAT. HIS HANDS WERE FROZEN, ALMOST RUINED, BUT HE GOT THE PHOTOS!

GIVE IT THE WORKS, PAL.

HE HAS BEEN IN PLANE CRASHES, AUTO CRASHES AND WAS BLOWN SKY-HIGH DURING A SUBWAY BLASTING.

UPSA DAISY!

BOOM!

AT A CIRCUS, DICK TOOK PICTURES OF A FAMOUS KNIFE THROWER TOSSING KNIVES AT HIM—GOT A PHOTO OF A KNIFE IN FLIGHT!

STEADY! DON'T BE NERVOUS NOW.

DURING THE WAR, DICK TOOK THE FAMOUS PHOTO OF F.D.R., CHURCHILL, AND STALIN AT YALTA, THE ONLY ONE ALLOWED! HE HAS BEEN RUN OVER BY RACE HORSES, AND THREATENED BY GANGSTERS.

A PAINT BRUSH IS MY PASS.

PAINT

NEW YORK PAPERS WERE TRYING TO GET PHOTOS OF A NOTED GANGSTER IN A HOSPITAL. THE HOSPITAL SOUGHT TO PREVENT THEM. DICK PUT ON A PAINTER'S OUTFIT, GOT IN AND TOOK A SNAP!

A FELLOW NEEDS 9 LIVES!

HE RISKED INJURY FROM FLYING BRICKS, POLICE CLUBS, AND TEAR GAS TO GET SENSATIONAL STRIKE PHOTOS. ONE DAY HE HAD 4 CAMERAS SMASHED!

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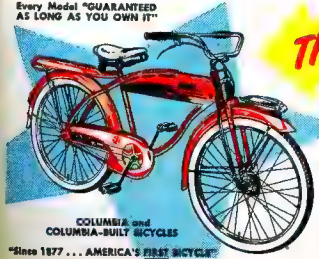

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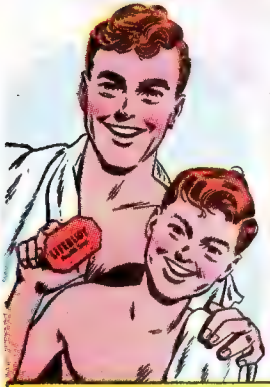

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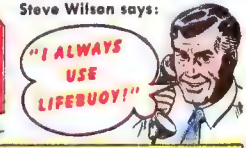
3. Lifebuoy stops "B.O." *up to 48 hours* because Lifebuoy gets skin cleaner than any other leading soap.

No soap in the world is MILDER! Safe even for a baby's tender skin! Wonderful for your complexion! Enjoy Lifebuoy's rich coconut oil lather daily. Buy big bath size Lifebuoy today!

Steve Wilson says:



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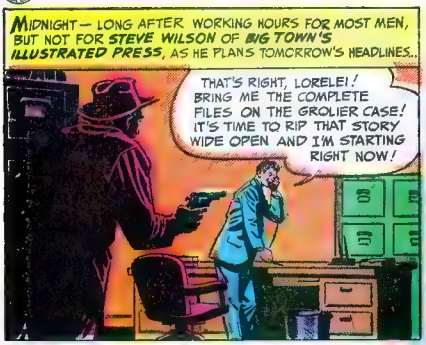
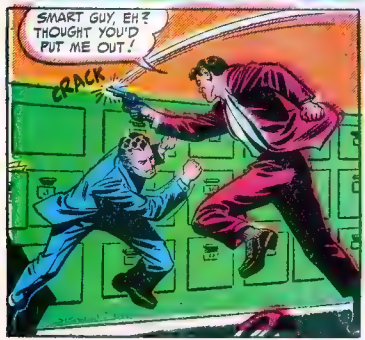
BIG TOWN
I'M GUILTY!
I'M THE KILLER!
ARREST ME!
I DID IT - I CONFESS!
DON'T LISTEN TO THEM - I'M THE GUILTY ONE!
6'3"
6'
5'9"
5'6"
5'3"
5'
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS AFTER EVERY MURDER, WILSON - AS IF WE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE CATCHING THE REAL CRIMINAL!
TO THE POLICE, 'CRAZY HAMLET' WITH HIS CONFESSIONS OF MURDER, WAS JUST ONE MORE BATTY CHARACTER IN BIG TOWN! BUT STEVE WILSON, CRUSADING NEWSMAN OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, HAD TO RISK HIS LIFE TO LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FANATICAL STRANGER WHO KEPT INSISTING.....
"ARREST ME-I'M A MURDERER!"


MIDNIGHT — LONG AFTER WORKING HOURS FOR MOST MEN, BUT NOT FOR STEVE WILSON OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS, AS HE PLANS TOMORROW'S HEADLINES..
THAT'S RIGHT, LORELEI! BRING ME THE COMPLETE FILES ON THE GROLIER CASE! IT'S TIME TO RIP THAT STORY WIDE OPEN AND I'M STARTING RIGHT NOW!

THE GROLIER CASE IS DEAD — AND IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL KEEP IT DEAD! OTHERWISE — THEY'LL BE WRITING YOU UP — IN THE OBITUARY COLUMN! HAND OVER THAT STORY!

HELP YOURSELF! I'M NOT ARGUING WITH THE OPEN END OF A GUN! BUT YOU MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THE FILE COPY, TOO!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I'LL GET IT MYSELF!

SURE YOU'LL GET IT, MISTER... RIGHT WHERE IT DOES THE MOST GOOD!
THUD


SMART GUY, EH? THOUGHT YOU'D PUT ME OUT!
CRACK

STEVE... WHAT HAPPENED?
THIS CHARACTER HAD HIS OWN IDEAS ON STOPPING THE GROLIER STORY! WE'LL TAKE HIM TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

INSPECTOR CALLAHAN'S QUESTIONING OF THE PRISONER STEVE BRINGS IN REVEALS...
I TRIED TO STOP WILSON FROM REOPENING THE GROLIER CASE BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID YOU'D LATCH ONTO ME FOR BEING THE FENCE THAT GOT RID OF THE GROLIER JEWELS!
YOU DON'T THINK A HOODLUM LIKE YOU COULD STOP STEVE WILSON FROM REVEALING THE TRUTH, DID YOU?
AND SOON AFTER, STEVE WILSON WITNESSES AN AMAZING SCENE!
BUT YA GOTTA ARREST ME... I'M A MURDERER! I KILLED JIM SHELDON FOR THE DOUGH IN HIS WALLET!
SURE, HAMLET...SURE! WE KNOW ALL ABOUT IT!
5TH PR
BUT IT'S THE TRUTH, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN! AFTER I CHASED HIM INTO HIS HOTEL ROOM, I FIRED THREE SHOTS...
YOU SAID THAT ALREADY! HOW DID THE BLOODSTAINS GET ON THE RUG?
BLOODSTAINS..? YEAH, INSPECTOR, I NEARLY FORGOT! SHELDON FELL OVER... THAT'S HOW THEY GOT THERE!
SO YOU'VE GOT SHELDON'S MURDERER! FAST WORK, INSPECTOR! THIS'LL MAKE THE FIVE STAR FINAL!
RELAX, WILSON!
YOU SEE, WILSON, THERE WAS NO RUG IN SHELDON'S ROOM.. NOW BE A GOOD BOY, HAMLET, AND GO HOME! WE HAVE OUR HANDS FULL TRYING TO TRACK DOWN THE REAL KILLERS!
I'M GOIN', BOSS! ONLY... I WISH YA'D BELIEVE ME.
WHEW! WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM, INSPECTOR?
HAMLET? WHO KNOWS! HE CONFESSES TO EVERY CRIME HE READS ABOUT IN THE NEWSPAPERS! BEEN AT IT FOR A YEAR! HE'S PERFECTLY HARMLESS!
HE EVEN CONFESSED TO THE HUNTLEY ROBBERY... WHILE THE F.B.I. FOUND THE REAL CROOKS IN MEXICO! AND THERE HE GOES, SMOKING CIGARETTE BUTTS AS USUAL, WHILE HE WAITS FOR A CHANCE TO CONFESS TO THE NEXT MURDER IN BIG TOWN!
I GUESS YOU GET USED TO EVERYTHING IN BIG TOWN!
3

YES, EVERYTHING HAPPENS IN *BIG TOWN*... FUNNY, SAD, TRIFLING, AND DEADLY...

$60,000... CASH! I'LL CONTRIBUTE IT TOMORROW TO START *BIG TOWN'S* NEW HOSPITAL FUND ROLLING...

BUT THE PHILANTHROPIST ISN'T AWARE OF THE MENACING FIGURE IN THE WINDOW!

SOON AFTER, STEVE IS INFORMED OF THE SHOOTING, AND THE *ILLUSTRATED PRESS* GOES INTO ACTION...

MILLIONAIRE JOHN PENNINGTON'S BEEN MURDERED AND ROBBED! MIKE, HOLD PAGE ONE! MILLER, CHECK THE FILES FOR PENNINGTON'S PHOTO! LORELEI, GET THE STORY!

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE VAST PRESSES GRIND OUT THE SENSATIONAL STORY OF THIS BRUTAL MURDER... AND BY MORNING...

STEVE... WE'VE SCOOPED THE TOWN!

YOU DID A GREAT JOB, LORELEI! BUT THERE'S ANOTHER EDITION DUE TONIGHT! LET'S SEE WHAT INSPECTOR CALLAHAN'S FOUND OUT!

ILLUSTRATED PRESS
PENNINGTON KILLED!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS...

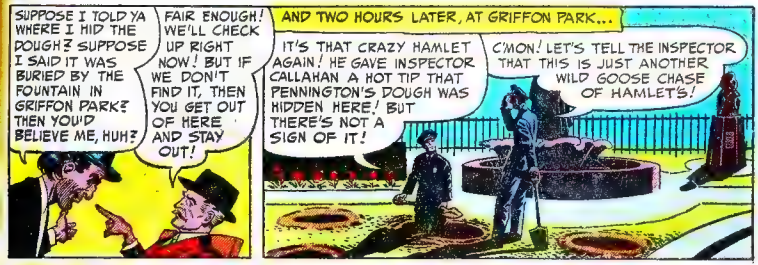
WELL, IF IT ISN'T HAMLET AGAIN!

...THEN I SHOT HIM IN THE BACK! I GRABBED THE DOUGH, AND... INSPECTOR, YOU AIN'T EVEN LISTENING!

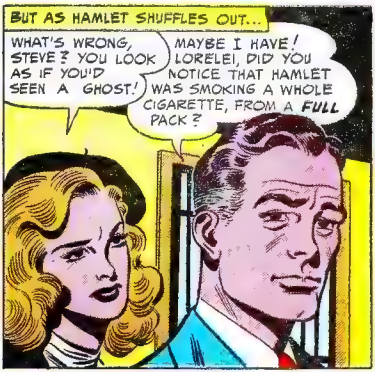
HUH... ? OH, GO ON, HAMLET... GO ON!

THE DOUGH WAS IN WADS, FASTENED WITH PAPER TAPE! I REMEMBER THEM YELLOW CURTAINS BLOWIN' AT ME WHEN I SLIPPED OUT...

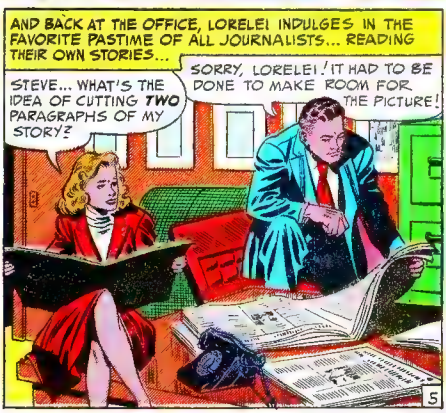
HEAR THAT ? *YELLOW CURTAINS* STRAIGHT OUT OF MY STORY IN THE *ILLUSTRATED PRESS!*

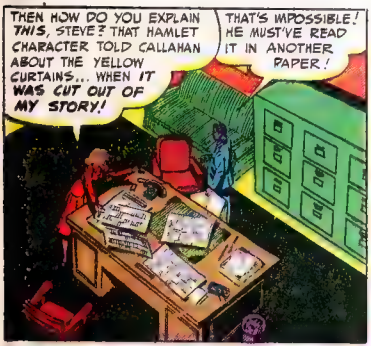

SUPPOSE I TOLD YA WHERE I HID THE DOUGH? SUPPOSE I SAID IT WAS BURIED BY THE FOUNTAIN IN GRIFFON PARK? THEN YOU'D BELIEVE ME, HUH?
FAIR ENOUGH! WE'LL CHECK UP RIGHT NOW! BUT IF WE DON'T FIND IT, THEN YOU GET OUT OF HERE AND STAY OUT!
AND TWO HOURS LATER, AT GRIFFON PARK...
IT'S THAT CRAZY HAMLET AGAIN! HE GAVE INSPECTOR CALLAHAN A HOT TIP THAT PENNINGTON'S DOUGH WAS HIDDEN HERE! BUT THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF IT!
C'MON! LET'S TELL THE INSPECTOR THAT THIS IS JUST ANOTHER WILD GOOSE CHASE OF HAMLET'S!

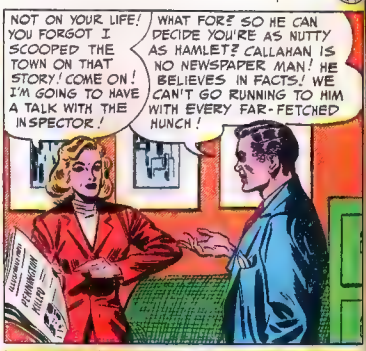
BACK AT THE POLICE STATION...
YOU HEARD THE BOYS, HAMLET! THEY DUG FOR HOURS... AND FOUND NOTHING! NOW, GO HOME AND DON'T COME BACK! AND DO ME A GREAT FAVOR... STOP READING MURDER STORIES!
OKAY, BOSS! BUT YA'LL BE SORRY YA DIDN'T LISTEN...

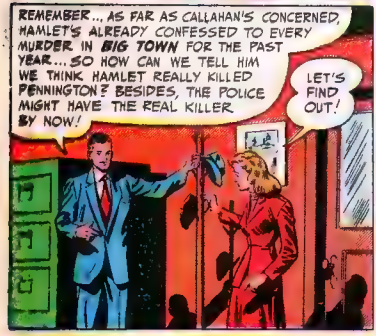

BUT AS HAMLET SHUFFLES OUT...
WHAT'S WRONG, STEVE? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D SEEN A GHOST!
MAYBE I HAVE! LORELEI, DID YOU NOTICE THAT HAMLET WAS SMOKING A WHOLE CIGARETTE, FROM A FULL PACK?

WHY NOT? WHY SHOULDN'T HE HAVE BOUGHT OR PANHANDLED A FULL PACK OF CIGARETTES FOR A CHANGE! COME ON... I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO READ MY STORY IN PRINT!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'RE GETTING NO PLACE FAST HERE!

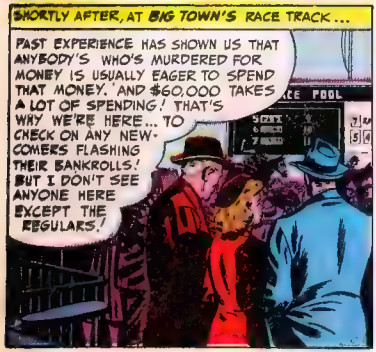

AND BACK AT THE OFFICE, LORELEI INDULGES IN THE FAVORITE PASTIME OF ALL JOURNALISTS... READING THEIR OWN STORIES...
STEVE... WHAT'S THE IDEA OF CUTTING TWO PARAGRAPHS OF MY STORY?
SORRY, LORELEI! IT HAD TO BE DONE TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE PICTURE!


THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS, STEVE? THAT HAMLET CHARACTER TOLD CALLAHAN ABOUT THE YELLOW CURTAINS... WHEN IT WAS CUT OUT OF MY STORY!
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE MUST'VE READ IT IN ANOTHER PAPER!

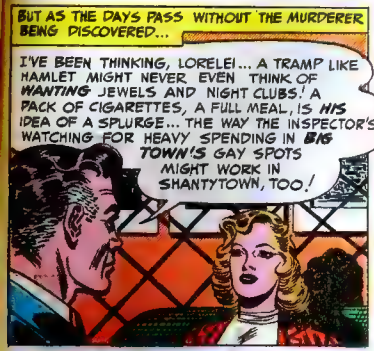

NOT ON YOUR LIFE! YOU FORGOT I SCOOPED THE TOWN ON THAT STORY! COME ON! I'M GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH THE INSPECTOR!
WHAT FOR? SO HE CAN DECIDE YOU'RE AS NUTTY AS HAMLET? CALLAHAN IS NO NEWSPAPER MAN! HE BELIEVES IN FACTS! WE CAN'T GO RUNNING TO HIM WITH EVERY FAR-FETCHED HUNCH!

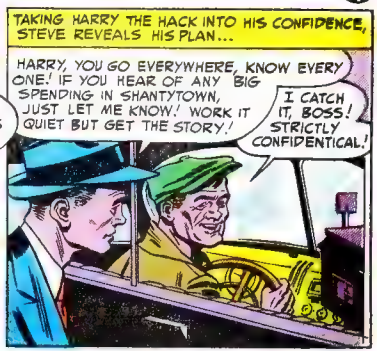

REMEMBER... AS FAR AS CALLAHAN'S CONCERNED, HAMLET'S ALREADY CONFESSED TO EVERY MURDER IN BIG TOWN FOR THE PAST YEAR... SO HOW CAN WE TELL HIM WE THINK HAMLET REALLY KILLED PENNINGTON? BESIDES, THE POLICE MIGHT HAVE THE REAL KILLER BY NOW!
LET'S FIND OUT!

SO LORELEI AND STEVE KEEP THEIR FANTASTIC HUNCH TO THEMSELVES AS THEY AGAIN INTERVIEW INSPECTOR CALLAHAN...
I ADMIT THE KILLER DIDN'T LEAVE ANY CLUES, BUT WE STILL HAVE OUR WAYS OF TRAPPING HIM! WHY DON'T YOU TWO COME ALONG AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES?
GREAT, INSPECTOR!


SHORTLY AFTER, AT BIG TOWN'S RACE TRACK...
PAST EXPERIENCE HAS SHOWN US THAT ANYBODY'S WHO'S MURDERED FOR MONEY IS USUALLY EAGER TO SPEND THAT MONEY. AND $60,000 TAKES A LOT OF SPENDING! THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE... TO CHECK ON ANY NEWCOMERS FLASHING THEIR BANKROLLS! BUT I DON'T SEE ANYONE HERE EXCEPT THE REGULARS!

THAT EVENING THE TRIO CONTINUES ITS HUNT IN BIG TOWN'S CROWDED NIGHT SPOTS...
...OR THE MURDERER MIGHT TURN UP IN A NIGHT CLUB! WE'VE ALERTED ALL JEWELERS, REAL ESTATE MEN, TRAVEL AGENCIES!
CRIMINALS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST WHEN THEY FIGHT THE POLICE!

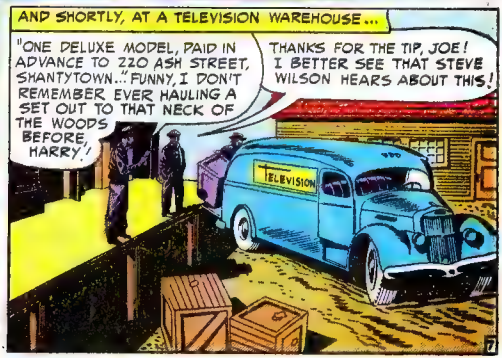

BUT AS THE DAYS PASS WITHOUT THE MURDERER BEING DISCOVERED...
I'VE BEEN THINKING, LORELEI... A TRAMP LIKE HAMLET MIGHT NEVER EVEN THINK OF WANTING JEWELS AND NIGHT CLUBS! A PACK OF CIGARETTES, A FULL MEAL, IS HIS IDEA OF A SPLURGE... THE WAY THE INSPECTOR'S WATCHING FOR HEAVY SPENDING IN BIG TOWN'S GAY SPOTS MIGHT WORK IN SHANTYTOWN, TOO!

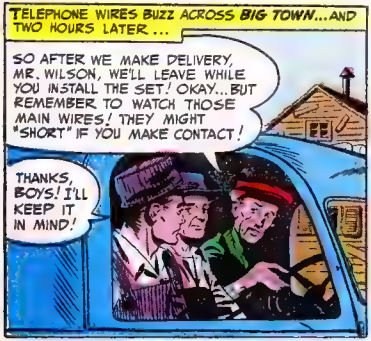

TAKING HARRY THE HACK INTO HIS CONFIDENCE, STEVE REVEALS HIS PLAN...
HARRY, YOU GO EVERYWHERE, KNOW EVERY ONE! IF YOU HEAR OF ANY BIG SPENDING IN SHANTYTOWN, JUST LET ME KNOW! WORK IT QUIET BUT GET THE STORY!
I CATCH IT, BOSS! STRICTLY CONFIDENTICAL!

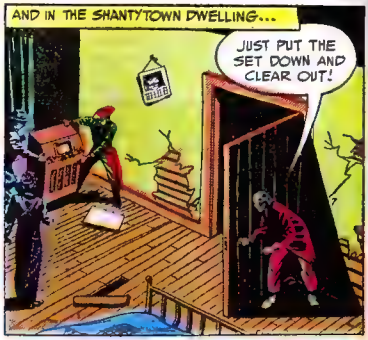
MEANWHILE, IN SHANTYTOWN, A GAUNT, RESTLESS MAN PACES HIS ROOM... TRAPPED BY HIS OWN LAWLESSNESS...
$60,000... AND I CAN'T EVEN BUY MYSELF A NEW SHIRT TILL THE HEAT'S OFF! IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'LL REALLY GO CRAZY!

IMAGINE ME, BEING STUCK IN THIS HOLE WITH $60,000! WHY EVEN THAT NO-GOOD TRAMP DOWN THERE, WITHOUT A DIME TO HIS NAME, CAN STAND IN THE STREET AND WATCH TELEVISION WHILE I...
TELEVIS

TELEVISION... THAT'S IT! AT LEAST IT'LL GIVE ME SOMETHING TO KILL TIME WITH WHILE I'M COOPED UP IN HERE... YEAH.. I'LL HAVE 'EM SEND ME THE BIGGEST SET THEY GOT!


AND SHORTLY, AT A TELEVISION WAREHOUSE...
"ONE DELUXE MODEL, PAID IN ADVANCE TO 220 ASH STREET, SHANTYTOWN..." FUNNY, I DON'T REMEMBER EVER HAULING A SET OUT TO THAT NECK OF THE WOODS BEFORE, HARRY!
THANKS FOR THE TIP, JOE! I BETTER SEE THAT STEVE WILSON HEARS ABOUT THIS!
TELEVISION


TELEPHONE WIRES BUZZ ACROSS BIG TOWN... AND TWO HOURS LATER...
SO AFTER WE MAKE DELIVERY, MR. WILSON, WE'LL LEAVE WHILE YOU INSTALL THE SET! OKAY... BUT REMEMBER TO WATCH THOSE MAIN WIRES! THEY MIGHT "SHORT" IF YOU MAKE CONTACT!
THANKS, BOYS! I'LL KEEP IT IN MIND!


AND IN THE SHANTYTOWN DWELLING...
JUST PUT THE SET DOWN AND CLEAR OUT!

I SAID SCRAM! WHAT ARE YA HANGIN' AROUND FOR?
I'M HERE TO INSTALL THE SET! NO CHARGE... IT'S PART OF OUR SERVICE POLICY!

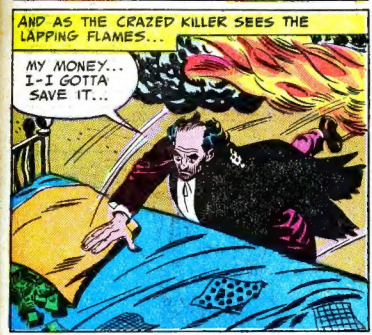
STEVE WILSON... THOUGHT YA FOOLED ME, HUH? TRYING TO PASS YOURSELF OFF AS A TELEVISION REPAIRMAN!

NOT SO FAST, WILSON! YA CAME HERE TO DO A JOB, AND YA'RE GONNA DO IT BEFORE I GET RID OF YA! NOW GET THAT SET INSTALLED, AND MAKE IT FAST! NO CHARGE... REMEMBER? HA-HA!

YA'RE A SMART ONE, WILSON... BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH! AND WHO'LL EVER BELIEVE CRAZY HAMLET KILLED STEVE WILSON... ANY MORE'N THEY BELIEVED ME ABOUT PENNINGTON!
THIS GUY'S LOCO!

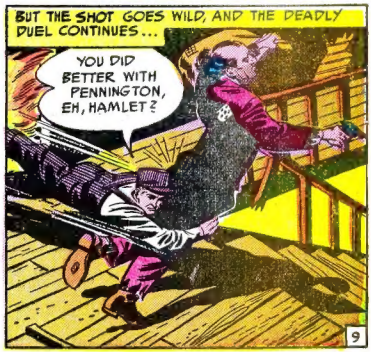
AND AS STEVE'S MIND RACES AGAINST TIME, HE RECALLS THE TRUCKMAN'S WARNING...
I'VE ONLY GOT ONE CHANCE AGAINST THAT GUN... WITH MY BARE HANDS!
CRAZY HAMLET... THAT'S A LAUGH! I OUT-SMARTED THEM ALL! IT TOOK ME THREE YEARS TO PLAN THE PENNINGTON JOB, WITH ALL THOSE PHONEY CONFESSIONS... BUT IT BROUGHT ME ALL THE DOUGH I'LL EVER WANT!

BUT STEVE'S DESPERATE PLAN SUCCEEDS BETTER THAN HE KNEW, AS SPARKS FROM THE WIRE HE SHORT-CIRCUITS, SETS THE WINDOW DRAPES ABLAZE!
WELL, YOU'D BETTER GRAB ONTO THAT MONEY BEFORE IT GOES UP IN SMOKE!


AND AS THE CRAZED KILLER SEES THE LAPPING FLAMES...
MY MONEY... I-I GOTTA SAVE IT...

YOU BETTER SAVE IT! IT'S THE EVIDENCE THAT'LL SEND YOU TO THE CHAIR!

NO ONE CAN STOP ME NOW! NOT WHEN I FINALLY GOT EVERY-THING I WANT!


BUT THE SHOT GOES WILD, AND THE DEADLY DUEL CONTINUES...
YOU DID BETTER WITH PENNINGTON, EH, HAMLET?

AND SO, OVERCOME BY STEVE, THE MADDENED KILLER CRASHES DOWN THE STAIRS AS THE LOOT FOR WHICH HE KILLED FLUTTERS USELESSLY ABOUT HIM...

WHAT'S GOING ON? I SAW THE FLAMES UPSTAIRS AND — IT'S STEVE WILSON AND HAMLET!

HOLD ONTO HIM! HE'S THE PENNINGTON MURDERER... AND THERE'S THE LOOT ALL AROUND HIM!

AND AS CRAZY HAMLET MAKES HIS LAST CONFESSION...

ALL THOSE PHONEY CONFESSIONS WERE CAMOUFLAGE TO COVER UP HAMLET'S ONE REAL MURDER! HAMLET COUNTED ON BEING TAKEN FOR A POOR, HARMLESS FOOL — BUT HE WAS CRAZY ONLY IN THINKING HE COULD BEAT THE LAW!

YOU DID A GREAT JOB, STEVE, ROUNDING HIM UP! ALL OF *BIG TOWN* IS GRATEFUL!

THANKS, INSPECTOR! BUT NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME — I'VE GOT A SPECIAL EDITION TO PUT OUT!

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WAH-WAH-WAH!

SHE? NEW! SENSATIONAL

NU-BORN BABY DOLL..

- SHE'S OVER 18 INCHES TALL!
- LIFELIKE RUBBER WONDERSKIN!
- SHE CRIES — SHE COOS!
- REMOVABLE LAYETTE!

Amazingly lifelike nu-born doll to melt every "little mother's" heart. Pat her, spank her, cuddle her—she coos—she cries. Hours and hours of play thrills. Over 18 inches high, with almost human washable arms, legs, and head of rubber WONDERSKIN. Baby-soft pink skin, bright blue eyes — closes thing to actual infant. Easily removable nipple and diaper combination for "quick changes." Adorably wrapped in wooly bunting with a ribbon tie for showing off in the "carriage parade." SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage, —Remit with order, we pay postage.)

SHE TOOTH-FEEDS LIKE A REAL BABY!

JUST IMAGINE! ONLY 3.98 COMPLETE

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

Hello! I'm SANDY! I drink I wet I sleep and you can wave my HAIR!

NEW!

AMAZING!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

Little Miss GIVE-A-DOLL KIT

WAVE LOTION

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT!

TERRIFIC VALUE!

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SEND NO MONEY

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COMFORTABLE RED RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS ARE LONG WEARING... AND ON-TO-STAY.
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CATCH A LOOK AT THE TOE AND HEEL IN THE VERY LATEST SMOKED ELK-TONE LEATHER!
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